JOHN BULL, JULY 6, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1777

TRUST THE PEOPLE by The EDITOR

AIR RAID FREE INSURANCE WE PAY £200 CLAIM

Good for STRENGTH

You've had something more than a drink when you've had a GUINNESS

You'll be a back number if you don't yet know . . .

Persil whiteness is easier, quicker now with New Persil

It's a real treat, Monday after Monday, to see that dazzling Persil whiteness in your own wash—whiteness that comes even easier and quicker with the new Persil.

Look! Just shake Persil on the water and swish to a lather till dissolved. Then in with your clothes. And at once the oxygen sets to work, searching out dirt, shifting stains. The final result is—Persil whiteness.

Never mind which method you use—boil, soak or non-boil; never mind whether it's for silks, woollens or whites—one thing is certain, Persil will give you the best results every time.

Your own eyes will convince you about Persil. From then on nothing else will satisfy you.

NEW PERSIL

Easier to use
Simply shake Persil straight into the water, swish briskly until dissolved. Then put the clothes in.

Extra lather— for fine wash

Prevents scum— quicker rinsing

PERSIL—the amazing oxygen washer

PER 789-515-55

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE 1 lb. *sausages*, 1 *large onion*, 2 ozs. *sultanas*, *sour apple*, *pinch herbs*, *stock*, *salt*. Chip onion and fry. Fry sausages. Cover with stock, add sultanas, herbs, salt. Cook slowly in oven 35-40 minutes.

SAUSAGE CASSEROLE IS SUSTAINING . . BUT SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

with Sultanas

IS SCRUMPTIOUS!

★Not only Sultanas, but Figs too, are cheap and plentiful now. Both these fruits are full of natural energy-giving sugar, which will sweeten many excellent dishes and save your sugar ration. Stock your larder with Sultanas and Figs NOW!

(31)

Thanks to **FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS** *which rapidly remove the after-effects of Bronchitis, Colds, Influenza, etc.*

6d. A PACKET. ALSO IN GLASS TUBES AT 1/3d. AND 2/-

insist on FENNINGS'

OVER 70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS • COWES • ISLE OF WIGHT

End your **RHEUMATISM BACKACHE SWOLLEN ANKLES & KIDNEY TROUBLES** *while you sleep!*

with **Cystex** for KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

THE GUARANTEED REMEDY

Now Obtainable in 3 Sizes 1/3, 3/- & 6/-

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

De-Luxe streamlined coach-built carriage. Body 32½x15½in. Drop-front, adjustable back-rest, leather cloth loose cushion hed, hood and apron. Chromium handle, rubber grip. Foot-brake. 10in cushion-tyred wheels. In Black, Dark Blue, Ruby, Green, Ivory. £8.19.6 or 16/- month

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

Save when you shave!

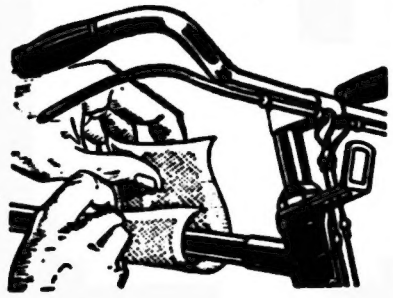
Practise real economy by using STEAD New Specially Processed Razor Blades—they give you weeks of smooth, satisfying shaving.

STEAD

RAZOR BLADES

7 FOR 6d

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET OR ONE PENNY EACH



Put a pound on the value of your cycle for 1/-

The value of well-kept secondhand cycles has gone up by leaps and bounds, and will rise still further as the cost of new cycles advances.
A shabby cycle never fetches much, but you can put a £1 on its value if you paint it with ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH.
Remember, a 1/- tin will do the job and do it well, for this wonderful paint is so easy to apply, dries in four hours and produces a finish that is durable, washable and as smooth and brilliant as plate glass.

do it now with

ROBBIALAC

SYNTHETIC FINISH

Obtainable from all the shops of Currys Ltd., The Halford Cycle Co. Ltd., and all the leading Cycle Accessory Dealers, Garages and Paint Shops

NOT RATIONED

THIS FOOD FOR THE SKIN

will bring you youthful beauty

Your skin can *eat*—can absorb natural nourishing elements which make it fresh, firm and young again. A famous Skin Specialist has discovered an extract of these vital elements called 'Biocel.' In hospital tests on women of 60 and over it removed wrinkles in six weeks. 'Biocel' is now contained in Creme Tokalon (Rose Colour). Apply it at night. Every minute while you sleep your skin is absorbing precious youth-giving 'Biocel.' Every morning you wake up looking younger. Use Creme Tokalon (White, non-greasy) during the day to make your skin flawless and velvety smooth. Used in this way Tokalon Skinfoods will speedily make you look *years younger*. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 6, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

THERE'S WORK FOR EVERYBODY

READY for the trial of strength, the greatest Army and the greatest Air Force ever assembled in this country are at Action Stations.

Round our rugged coastline steams the greatest navy the world has ever known.

They must be supplied with guns, shells and aeroplanes. And still more, guns, shells and aircraft.

Herbert Morrison reports that tanks are being turned out at double the old rate, guns four times as fast.

Position is good. But not yet satisfactory.

Give Them a Chance

Lord Beaverbrook, speeding up aircraft production, is not yet satisfied.

Mr. Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook want more workers. They must get them.

Waiting to play a part in this fight for our lives are hundreds of thousands of workless men and women, millions of women who could be released from their present occupations.

Give them a chance to do their bit!

Dockers Organised

It is Mr. Bevin's job to see that they get their chance.

Mr. Bevin takes his job seriously. He works all day and half the night. In a few short weeks he has shown himself to be the best Minister of Labour we have ever had.

One of his first jobs—as you might expect from a great dockers' leader—was to organise dock labour for war needs.

Dockers can now be rushed to any port at which they are wanted. They will have to leave home whether they like it or not.

And, being British, they have willingly agreed to obey orders.

Not in War Time

Mr. Bevin has now extended and improved the unemployment insurance system. JOHN BULL has long urged this reform, and now welcomes it as a measure that will prove a boon and a blessing in peace time.

But in war there should be no unemployed.

Unprecedented Powers

Mr. Bevin and his fellow-Ministers should utilise, bodily and instantly, the unprecedented powers that the nation has conferred on them.

We believe that the same resourcefulness shown in organising vital labour for dock services should be applied to every branch of war labour.

Not a fit man or woman should remain unemployed. Not a man with talent should be left in a humdrum, time-wasting job

Not a woman should be told that the only way she can help is to stick to her housework.

Our Strong Leaders

Britain's strong leaders must give us stronger leadership.

In a single afternoon, in 163 minutes, they assumed complete control of all persons and property in these islands. They won, without a dissentient voice, a people's revolution.

That revolution must go on.

The momentous rights it won must be applied.

And first the powers of compulsion must be used to wipe out unemployment.

End Luxury Trades

Give Mr. Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook all the workers they need.

Make more aircraft, tanks, guns, bombs and bullets.

Grow more food.

Increase British exports, and thus give us more money with which to buy raw materials used in our war factories.

Not Half Enough

Mr. Hudson, a much better man than many previous Ministers of Agriculture, wants hundreds of thousands more people on the land.

He and Mr. Bevin are making ex-farm workers return to the land when they lose their town jobs. He is making local councils release roadmen for farm work. That is not enough.

Those measures will give back to agriculture a few hundred men, not hundreds of thousands.

Must Be Compelled

Prosperity of the land will not be created by the £2-an-acre ploughing subsidy. Banks must be compelled to lend capital to farmers.

If farmers are reluctant to use modern productive methods, and refuse to employ women workers, take over their farms.

Clear away the weeds cluttering up the countryside.

Drain the waterlogged soil that could yield rich crops.

Tear down the straggly hedges harbouring pests.

You do not need skilled labour for that.

AND HERE ARE SOME BRIGHT SPOTS

● **U.S.A. will shortly sell us seventy destroyers.**

* * *

● ***During the next few weeks we shall get from the States nearly a quarter of a million rifles, tens of thousands of sub-machine guns and all the lorries we want.***

* * *

● **Above all, by holding out we shall get aircraft by the tens of thousands.**

* * *

● ***Independent reports confirm Air Ministry communiqués about air raids on Britain: Nazi bomb-droppers are amazingly wide of the mark.***

* * *

● **Tommies say, "We trust Anthony Eden." They know his plans to resist invasion.**

* * *

● ***Shadow of famine in Europe, but chief suppliers of wheat to Britain, U.S.A. and Canada, report bumper crops.***

● **Goering is having to close his pet oil-from-coal plant near Hanover and removing it to area less subject to R.A.F. raids, which have destroyed large part of the plant.**

* * *

● **Even if most oil tankers approaching our shores are sunk by U-boats, our stocks will still be well within the margin of safety.**

* * *

● **Italy is so short of metal that her latest three-engined Cant bomber is being built with a wooden fuselage.**

* * *

● **Three officials who hold the secret of the flooded Bank of France vaults have escaped. It may be months before Nazis can recover any gold that was left.**

* * *

● **German casualties are so heavy that a decree mobilising 1,500,000 women for military service is now before Hitler for signature.**

JOHN BULL'S PROMPT HELP for AIR RAID VICTIMS

With that promptitude which has always in times of trouble or disaster been the keynote of "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, a cheque for £200 has been sent to the dependants of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ramsbottom, both of whom were killed during an air raid on North West England.

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

"John Bull" offers to every reader a £200 Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at LLOYD'S

This vital war-time protection would normally cost 4 guineas a year in premiums. JOHN BULL offers it to you free in addition to COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

So Act Now!

Registration forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

The Only Way

Build up the export trade. It is increasing. Sir Andrew Duncan has justified his appointment to the Board of Trade.

But luxury trades still weaken Britain's effort, wasting materials and money that we cannot afford.

Seek out new markets, compel manufacturers to supply the exact type of goods that foreign customers want.

All We Need Now

Civil Defence services are understaffed. Birmingham, needing 11,842 more A.R.P. workers, is urging compulsory powers to get them.

Birmingham is right. Every fit man and woman with leisure should be recruited for spare-time work.

Mr. Horabin, M.P., points out that hundreds of thousands of people are willing and ready to make every field proof against aircraft landings and to make road obstructions.

All that is lacking is the order to get busy.

Anyone Can Help

There is work to be done even by those who are not capable of strenuous exertion.

A timber yard caught fire last week. The flames guided enemy raiders, who dropped two bombs near by.

Moral: Put extra guards at every danger spot—even if only to summon assistance quickly. That's a duty anyone could perform.

Red Tape-worms

There's nothing wrong with the spirit of most British people. They are eager to serve.

Britain's leaders have the nation's confidence, as never before in our long history. They need not fear opposition to their orders.

They need not hesitate to break through the bars of tradition or crush the red tape-worms under foot.

Enough of such follies as the Central Registry of Professional Workers, that hopeless sop to workless men of talent and skill!

Every skilled organiser, every trained professional man and woman, should be found work—even in Whitehall, even despite the objections of Civil Service mandarins.

Every workless man and woman should be employed on making Britain still stronger.

This can and must be done.

OBJECTORS WHO ARE "GETTING AWAY WITH IT": STOP JOY-RIDING AT NIGHT: CONCRETE ARTERIAL ROADS TO HELP RAIDERS: BILLETING DIFFICULTIES INCREASING IN RURAL AREAS: SIXTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HEROINE'S PLEA: IS THIS PATRIOTISM?

(Continued from preceding page)

Tribunals are months behind in dealing with conscientious objectors.

Roughly 37,000 men have registered as objectors—a large proportion of them from Civil Service and local government jobs. Fewer than 18,000 have yet appeared before the tribunal.

If their application fails, they can appeal within 21 days. Months more elapse before their appeals are heard.

No Soft Job Again

Authorities hope the problem will solve itself, as the older age groups are producing fewer objectors.

"John Bull," not satisfied, suggests that every objector is posted to a labour battalion for non-combatant work as soon as he registers—at a soldier's pay of 2s. a day.

If the tribunal eventually turns down his appeal, transfer him to a fighting battalion. If his appeal is granted, put him back at once in the labour company.

Don't let him return to a soft job in civil life.

Watch the Dodgers

Another tip to Mr. Bevin, who works all day and half the night to supply the Fighting Forces with all the men they want.

Prosecute a few employers who are wangling men into Reserved Occupations!

Common tricks are to describe clerks, whose job could be done by women or youths, as "production supervisors," labourers as "bench assistants."

Workers who object to this misrepresentation are told that their jobs will not be kept open after the war.

Strange

Notice the eagerness of footballers to become instructors for the new "broomstick army"? **Hardly any have qualifications for the job; professional sportsmen are no better fitted to impart physical training than amateurs.**

Football clubs are eager to have their grounds taken over to prevent them having to pay rates from a falling revenue.

No Night Joy-rides

Stop joy-riding at night!

Motorists needing their cars at night for business could be granted a licence; others would have no cause for grumble if they were prevented from hampering national defence.

Conscientious drivers are not waiting for compulsion. But the defence services complain that late traffic is still too heavy, particularly at week-ends.

Something They Miss

Incidentally, "parashots" and police who stop cars content themselves with glancing at the drivers' identity cards.

They should also make sure that car radios have been removed and demand to see driving licences and insurance certificates.

Too much overlapping exists between searches made by L.D.V.s and troops.

Camouflage Needed

JOHN BULL wants to help the authorities remove minor flaws from a defence system whose strength has amazed even the most critical M.P.s.

In that spirit, we draw attention to the fact that many roads are clearly visible from the air at night because of their white surfaces. They should be sprayed.

Some raiders have found their bearings by the position of chalk pits, which could surely be camouflaged.

Still Identifiable

Members of JOHN BULL staff report that many villages and towns are still identifiable to the most unobservant stranger.

Notices on church doors, picture postcards in shop windows, village institutes, telephone kiosks, all proudly display the name of the district.

You can help to bring such oversights to the offenders' attention.

A Dab of Tar!

"To be Let or Sold" boards all over the country similarly give a clue to the locality.

Deletion by ordinary paint is insufficient, for the name usually shows through. A dab of tar would be better.

Mr. Morrison, Please

Here's something that even keen-eyed, shock-headed Herbert Morrison has overlooked.

Readers complain that old metal dealers will not buy small quantities. But the dealers are not to blame.

They are not allowed to buy less than 56 lb. of copper, brass, tin, pewter, German silver or spelter, or less than 112 lb. of lead, according to Section 13 of the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1875.

Shake Up Civil Service

Such discrepancies are being ironed out whenever they are discovered.

Bring them to our notice, we'll see that they receive the attention of the appropriate Minister himself—and we know by experience that Ministers are quick to act on our suggestions.

Minor officials are the people usually responsible for delay. Shake-up of the Civil Service, now urged by the daily newspapers instead of by "John Bull" alone, is necessary, even if only to prevent recurrence of one case brought to our notice.

Delayed Action

A trained engineer has two ideas for dealing with invasion. He wrote to the Air Ministry on May 31, heard nothing for a fortnight, then spent an hour on the telephone trying to find the appropriate official

At last he was referred to the Ministry of Home Security, after half an hour's telephone call was referred to the Home office and from there to the War Office, to which he wrote on June 10 and is still waiting for an acknowledgment.

That's why we suggest, on another page, a central office to which war ideas could be submitted.

Roads for Military

JOHN BULL has criticised the waste of time, money and men on repairing roads that have no military importance.

But no criticism should be levelled against the new roads which you'll soon see under construction in many parts of the country.

They are wanted for military purposes, will be rough but serviceable. Road and bridge-building, in fact, will experience the biggest "boom" of the century.

"Parashot" Uniforms

"Parashots" are warned against tailors offering to make battledress for them for a £1.

No one but the Army Ordnance authorities may make and issue uniforms: a new Order compels even officers to produce a special certificate when placing orders with authorised military tailors.

If a private tailor tries to sell you khaki, tell him that he's risking a heavy penalty.

Work This Out

But how is he able to get khaki when supplies are supposed to be short?

How can he offer to make a uniform for £1 when reputable tailors say that, using the worst material, they cannot possibly compete with such a price?

Refugees in Whitehall

Refugees are obtaining jobs, even in Whitehall, that our own unemployed seek in vain.

No doubt many of these aliens have special qualifications that justify their appointments. But the Central Registry for unemployed professional men is still shamefully neglected by most Government Departments.

Billet Problems

Householders in vulnerable areas, told to accommodate troops, complain that they have insufficient room for their own families.

One old woman has been told that she must share her bedroom with her eighty-year-old brother and give up his room to soldiers.

Some women, living alone while their husbands are in the Army, have taken their possessions into the street in protest at having to accommodate soldiers.

Lonely Women

War Office definitely states that no woman living alone can be compelled to let lodgings to soldiers.

Any householder to whom billeting would cause unreasonable hardship can appeal to a tribunal, the address of which is obtainable from the local council.

That Three-Hour Raid

Why aren't air-raid sirens sounded whenever enemy aircraft appear? Many readers want to know.

Rightly, according to "John Bull," it has been decided to sound the alarm only when an actual raid is threatened.

To avoid disturbing the public and spoiling the sleep of war workers, who must keep fit, there'll be no repetition of the recent three-hour alarm in London when no bombs were dropped.

Efficient Searchlights

Most heartening experience of actual enemy raids has been the proof of increased searchlight efficiency—though you mustn't expect searchlights to be 100 per cent. effective on cloudy nights.

Standard of perfection has been reached by our A.A. gunnery. Fighter aircraft have been more successful in repelling the raiders than could fairly be expected.

Good Old Spirit

Generally speaking, civilians have shown themselves equally helpful.

In some towns, women regularly go to the public shelters each evening to make sure that chairs, cushions, food and drink are available in case a raid occurs—the supplies being arranged on a communal basis.

No, there's nothing wrong with the old British spirit.

She's a Hero

Here, for example, is a letter from a woman of sixty-eight. Her husband is eighty. One is stone deaf, the other deaf and dumb.

The woman has had to dispense with her maid and does all the housework. She has planted tomatoes, brussels and spinach in the flower borders; her husband is raising carrots, potatoes and lettuce.

He is eager to do more vital work, she asks us whether there is any other way in which she can help!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

TRUST the PEOPLE

BECAUSE we are now defending Britain, because we are already enduring continual attack by air, because we are the last champions of a noble cause, this has become a people's war.

To win it, the Government must trust the people: the people their leaders.

We know now how lamentably the French Government failed to trust the men and women of France. We know how this mistrust, translated into a fierce censorship and the virtual suppression of Parliamentary rule, led to its catastrophic climax.

This fatal mistake must not be repeated here.

No matter what anybody says, the devil cannot be vanquished by his own weapons.

We are not only fighting Hitler: we are fighting "Hitlerism." To save our freedom we must fight as a free people. To preserve Democracy, we must hold fast to democratic principles.

FRENCH DEMOCRACY DID NOT FAIL.

IT WAS BETRAYED BY A HUGE, LETHARGIC SYSTEM OF BURRAUCRACY; BY THE COMPLACENCY OF A MULTITUDE OF "LITTLE HITLERS." AND IN THE END, WHEN IT HAD BEEN REDUCED TO HELPLESSNESS, IT WAS MURDERED AT BORDEAUX.

But some of our own countrymen do not yet understand this. There are devil's advocates, urging our resort to the devil's weapons.

There are men ready to destroy our freedom in the vain hope that, by so doing, they can overthrow the vile tyranny of our mortal enemy.

NEVER WAS THERE A DELUSION SO DANGEROUS, AND NEVER WAS THERE A TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHEN IT WAS MORE VITALLY NECESSARY TO PRESERVE THE FREEDOM OF PARLIAMENT AND THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

EVER SINCE THE WAR STARTED, "JOHN BULL" HAS FOUGHT TO MAINTAIN THESE CARDINAL LIBERTIES.

Again and again it has repeated that solemn exhortation: **Trust the People.**

It has maintained the right of all honest newspapers to act as public watchdogs.

If it had not been for the free Press of this country, the Chamberlain Government would still be in office, and you would not have known until it was too late how damnably it had failed.

The French people did not realise how their leaders had failed them until it was too late.

Their newspapers were not allowed to criticise. They were powerless to inform public opinion for its own salvation.

> "A BRAVE AND DISCIPLINED CIVILIAN POPULATION IS THE ESSENTIAL FOUNDATION OF SUCCESS."—Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary for War.
>
> THIS CAN BE ENSURED BY BEING COMPLETELY FRANK WITH THE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME. NOTHING MUST BE HIDDEN, NOTHING DISGUISED

And we tell you that without a free Parliament and a free Press even our present Government, called to office by the people's will, might come in time to abuse the great powers with which it has been vested and to fail the country in its greatest peril.

ALL of us have placed most of our personal liberties in pawn "for the duration." We had to do so to preserve the larger freedom of the country.

Every one of those precious liberties must be redeemed when victory is won. Only in that assurance can free men and women fight on with confidence and utter fortitude.

We *are* fighting on in that knowledge. The confidence of the people rests not only in itself. It is reflected in the confidence shown in those leaders who have strengthened our resolve, and who have inspired us to the high heights of courage which we have scaled.

When, from those heights, we have conquered the tyrannical forces ranged against us, we must, and will, secure for all time, not only the rights we have known in the past, but liberties and life, on a vaster, grander scale.

That is the reward we, and generations to come, will reap for the bitter months that have gone and for the still bitter months that are ahead.

This question of the rights of Parliament and Press to safeguard even in these anxious days, freedom of comment and criticism was raised in the House of Commons.

Then the Premier did at least assure the nation that arrangements have been made to "enable Parliament to continue to be the guide, director and support of the Government."

"AND FOR THE PRESS ALSO TO APPLY ITS FUNCTIONS IN ANY VICISSITUDE THAT MAY LIE BEFORE US."

Translating this highly "Parliamentary language" into plain English, JOHN BULL takes Mr. Churchill's word for it that the House of Commons will represent the people all the time, and that the Press will remain free to speak for them.

WHILE THIS FREEDOM ENDURES, "JOHN BULL" WILL CONTINUE TO SPEAK OUT WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR.

WE BELIEVE THAT MR. CHURCHILL AND MOST OF HIS COLLEAGUES ARE MEN OF "DRIVE" AND PROVEN ABILITY, RESOLVED LIKE THE REST OF US TO WIN THIS WAR AT ALL COSTS.

BUT WE HAVE NO CONFIDENCE IN ANY OF THE OLD GANG, WHO WERE ALLOWED TO RETAIN PORTFOLIOS SIMPLY, IT WOULD APPEAR, TO AVOID TROUBLE WITH THEIR SUPPORTERS IN THE HOUSE.

These men have few supporters in the country to-day. They cannot escape their share of responsibility for the shocking failures of the past. They ought to resign office.

We urge them to do so before the people insist on their dismissal.

And once more we declare that so long as the people can trust its leaders, so long can it be trusted absolutely to fight in freedom to final victory.

In recent days ordinary men and women in many parts of Britain have been put to the test of personal danger. Everywhere they have behaved with discipline.

They will continue to do so in every emergency, but they have the right to expect their leaders—to lead.

And leadership still leaves much to be desired.

In many directions it is still too timid, too hesitant. It still appeals where it should command.

We are told that there is a serious shortage of air wardens and other workers in the various departments of Home Defence.

IF there are not enough volunteers, then the Government should immediately conscript the spare-time services of all suitable adults.

It has the powers to do this and it need not be afraid to use them.

Similarly, "appeals" have been made to the public to hand over their shotguns, to economise in tea, to stop "joy riding," and to save more money.

But there is no need to appeal.

Let the Government commandeer every privately owned gun it needs; let it ration tea if there is not enough to go round; let it forbid pleasure motoring if there is a shortage of fuel or tell the motorists what it expects from them if there is not; and let it, if the need be urgent, compel the country to save and to lend.

IN TIME OF NATIONAL PERIL THE GOVERNMENT OF A FREE COUNTRY SHOULD BE ABLE TO DEMAND NOT LESS BUT MORE FROM ITS OWN PEOPLE THAN THE DICTATORSHIPS DARE DEMAND.

For a volunteer is always worth two pressed men, and to-day Britain is a nation of volunteers, even though we act under stringent orders and join the Colours with a "called-up class."

May that fact remain constantly in the minds of those who rule us now, because we have chosen them to rule and given them the authority that we expect them to exert.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Master Your Own Thoughts

WHAT is a human being? Books will tell you. You will find diagrams of every bone, every muscle and every nerve. You will find the elaborate machine dissected and analysed, every function explained, every detail listed and described.

Other books will tell you exactly how the other side of the machinery works, how the mind functions, how the brain behaves, how reactions occur, how emotions are caused.

You can read all these, study all these diagrams, and ponder all these theories; yet behind and beyond it all there remains something that defies analysis.

Behind and beyond the flesh and the blood, behind and beyond even the more intangible mind, is the mainspring of creation—the soul, the spirit, call it what you will.

And in that there lies a source of power that no one has ever been able to exhaust; a source of power that can be drawn upon at will, that is always ready, never-failing.

Those who use this power acquire the "philosophic" outlook on life. They acquire, to give it a more understandable name, a tranquillity of spirit, a calmness of mind, a peace of soul that few things can really disturb.

Such an attitude of mind is not callousness

It is not due to lack of imagination. It is not the reflection of selfishness. It is due to the knowledge that half our troubles are imaginary and that life is pretty much the same for every one of us—seen in proportion and examined without panic.

Unless we cultivate a way of tapping these immense reserves of power at our disposal, we are continually going to try to effect the impossible—*an escape from ourselves.*

Mostly it is our thoughts from which we try to run away; our imagined fears, our imaginary terrors. The only effective counter is other thoughts; quiet thoughts, peaceful thoughts, thoughts of real power.

A man *is* master of his fate. No one can ever take from him the magic wand of thought

OPEN LETTERS

- Every Faintheart is a Menace Now
- Last War V.C. Expelled from L.D.V.
- Dig-for-Victory Scholars Snubbed
- "Parashot" Loses His Revolver
- Covering Steel Tracks with Tar

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,

Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—If you have eyes to read and ears to hear, take heed from the surrender of France. If you are intent on making our homeland secure, take instant steps to foil the treachery from within.

France was betrayed by politicians and bankers of the extreme Right.

Although their record of pro-Fascist intrigue was known to the police, they were allowed to remain at liberty. Eventually they overthrew M. Reynaud and sold their country.

Callow Mosleyites have rightly been rounded up in Britain. But more dangerous are the friends of Hitler in high places.

Although they are few, although their hands may be clean, their minds are tainted by defeatism and greed.

You must realise that every faintheart and deadhead is a menace.

Clean up the City, turn your attention to the Society ornaments whose lordly dining-rooms still echo with chatter of appeasement and argument that "better Nazism than Socialism."

You must also make your drive against suspect aliens more searching, more ruthless.

Austrian servant girls still make it their business to scrape acquaintance with soldiers. There are still thousands of German men allowed to go free because nothing definite is known against them.

Undoubtedly hardship would be caused if all were interned. But better individual hardship than a stab in the nation's back.

I know that you are watching the situation with alertness and shrewdness. You have, indeed, just ordered the detention of thousands more aliens. I can rely on you, I am sure, to act even more drastically in the near future.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir CHARLES LITTLE,

Chief of Naval Personnel

DEAR ADMIRAL,—A man registered last December was passed fit. Yet he is still waiting to join the Navy.

Willing to sign for twelve years' service, he lost his job through volunteering when war broke out.

A young man on my own staff has been waiting as long.

Even though you may not want the men yet for active service, why not call them up for training?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. RICHARD LEIGHFIELD,

Goddard Avenue, Swindon

MADAM,—Not a woman in the country should sympathise with the obstinacy that caused your husband to be fined £25 for failing to billet a boy.

You declared that if he accepted the child you would leave home.

Is a little extra work too big a price to pay for protecting a child's life and helping to safeguard the interests of your own three boys?—JOHN BULL.

The RESIDENTS,

Cinderhill, Near Nottingham

DEAR PEOPLE,—I am vexed that some of you, living in Council houses, are not allowed to obey the Government.

You want to keep a few fowls to eke out food for your families. The Council threatens you with notice to quit if you do.

Want my advice? Tell the Council to go to the devil.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,

Minister of Food

MY LORD,—There are slugs in your offices.

A Lincolnshire headmaster, setting his boys to Dig for Victory, has raised 1,500 cabbages. Unable to sell them, he wrote to your Ministry.

You referred him to the regional office at Nottingham. Next he was referred to a war agricultural committee. Then he was referred to yet another committee, the secretary of which collected a few of the cabbages, is said to have demanded a commission for "obliging" the school, and has left the remainder of the cabbages to rot.

Hardly encouraging, is it?—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.

Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—As the first in Britain to agitate for higher pensions for war disabled, I welcome the new warrant you have at last introduced.

An extra 3s. 4d. for the wife of a disabled man, more to the man himself and his children, better provision for parents of a Serviceman who loses his life. That's good—but still not good enough.

No pension should be less than the last war scale. Every pension should be at a rate appropriate to the nature of the man's disability.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JACK WHITE, V.C.,

Manchester

DEAR MR. WHITE,—It seems absurd that you, who won the V.C. in 1917, should be expelled from the Local Defence Volunteers because your father was a Russian.

Although he lived in Manchester for fifty years, he did not become naturalised.

It shouldn't be a man's parentage that matters—only his own record.

Some of the worst Fifth Columnists now in jail come from old English families.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE CHARLES,

Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—I trust magistrates will heed your hint to deal much more severely with black-out offenders. I hope that wardens will be far more vigilant in spotting lights from the backs of houses.

Even though air raids are now frequent, the regulations are being broken by thousands of careless or obstinate fools who must be taught that they cannot imperil the safety of the community with impunity.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,

Birmingham

GENTLEMEN,—There are fifty miles of disused tram track in your streets, enough to provide thousands of tons of steel for war materials.

Instead of pulling them up, men are covering them with tar!

Do not, I beg you, wait until the war is over before you adopt a more sensible policy.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,

Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—In a town only twenty miles from London, people with young families cannot get Anderson shelters.

A district that has already been bombed has no shelters. Yet truckloads of them have been rusting in a railway yard since the winter.

In an Essex town near a military aerodrome many people can get neither the shelters nor additions to their gas masks.

The war has started seriously. Time you began your job in earnest.—JOHN BULL.

MALCOLM MACDONALD. M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR.—I think you have been wrongly advised. You tell "first-aiders" only to tie a broken leg to the sound leg when air raid casualties occur.

Yet death from a fractured thigh has been reduced from 70 per cent. to 25 per cent. by use of the Thomas splint, which takes only five minutes to apply.

No wonder A.R.P. doctors are dismayed by your policy!—JOHN BULL.

The BILLETING OFFICER,

Cornwall

DEAR SIR.—The only water obtainable in a village near Redruth is sold from a horse-drawn cart for 1½d. a pail.

There is no drainage system; earth closets are emptied once a week.

Yet child evacuees are being sent to the village.

Surely you can do better than that?—JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERIC SEMER,

Southend-on-Sea Bench

DEAR SIR,—Answering the broadcast appeal, a section leader of the "Parashots" surrendered his revolver to the police.

Instead of being allowed to retain it for use against the enemy, he was summoned for keeping a firearm without a licence.

I am glad you dismissed the case.

I can imagine how cross you must have been at having your time wasted.—JOHN BULL.

M. PIERRE LAVAL,

Vice-Premier of France

MONSIEUR,—When blood has been spilt, the jackal slinks from his hole. Now France has been slashed to the heart, you have again come into the open.

I remember how you proposed to cut up Abyssinia to appease Mussolini. I remember your kow-towing to Hitler long before the war.

I know your reputation as an associate of those shameless financiers who long wanted to sell their country to Nazism in the hope of saving their moneybags. I do not wonder that decent Frenchmen have always regarded you with contempt and horror.

You have been a Prime Minister, and you have become second-in-command to the most pitiable Prime Minister in French history. But one day will come the reckoning.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. R. POWNALL,

Inspector-General, L.D.V.'s

DEAR GENERAL,—Three weeks have passed since it was announced that "parashots" were to become part of the former Territorial Army organisation.

Yet detachments of L.D.V.s in vulnerable areas are still undrilled and undisciplined. Some are under the command of decrepit officers whose ideas have not advanced beyond the Boer War.

Ammunition is issued to men who have never handled a rifle before; in other areas no arms are available for crack shots.

Although we have now a great Regular Army in Britain, the half-million L.D.V.s have a useful place in our defences. See that they are properly organised without delay.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,

Railway Companies

GENTLEMEN,—Not before time, M.P.s are repeating my criticism of your callous attitude towards weary soldiers marooned at your stations for a night, your disgraceful overcharging for the refreshments that you deign to sell them.

I remember your bleating demands for a "square deal" when years of mismanagement led you into difficulties.

I shall remember your present smugness when the war's end encourages you to new appeals for public assistance.—JOHN BULL.

"LIVE FOR THE DAY"

LIVE for the day, that's all that we can do, when the day is filled with sorrow and takes hard getting through. What use to bring to-morrow within its sad array? Our hearts and hands are full enough, so just live for the day.

LIVE for the day, and be sure that things will mend; live for the day knowing that God will send into to-morrow the strength to do our part, if we but do our best to-day with COURAGE IN OUR HEART.

LIVE for the day nor waste its time in fear; its sorrows will all end its desperate need and tear; and those who've struggled through and done their very best, will come to know the rare sweet peace of those whom God has blessed.

LIVE for the day, and look upward with each hour, knowing that within God's Hands lies the Immortal Power to lead us through War's Vale of darkness and distress, into the Light again and a Better Happiness.

J. M.

R.A.F. Bravery in the Scales

WORKING in the strictest privacy, there is one Department at the Air Ministry where men pore over records of deeds of high adventure that "make prosaic those of the Knights of the Round Table and the Crusaders."

These records are the recommendations for honours of those brave young airmen of whom—to borrow a Churchill quotation—it can be said, "Every morn brought forth a noble chance, and every chance brought forth a noble deed."

Their stirring deeds are kept secret to the moment they appear in public print, preceded by the familiar announcement: "The King has been graciously pleased to approve the undermentioned awards in recognition of gallantry displayed in flying operations against the enemy."

Until the last minute a prospective recipient is as ignorant as anybody else of the coming bestowal of an honour. The King's Regulations expressly state that when a recommendation is made for the award of a decoration the fact must not be divulged to the man concerned.

The "secret life" of a flying honour begins when a pilot's combat reports, taken down at his operational station by the Intelligence Officer, go before the officer commanding the Group. So do records of devotion to duty shown by those who at the time were not actually engaged in flying.

The Group Commanding Officer searches these reports for instances of outstanding merit.

He weighs brave deed against brave deed, singles out the bravest of the brave.

More than one Group O.C. has confessed that "playing Solomon" is his most unenviable job. Anyone can judge this for himself by glancing through an awards list and attempting to measure the merits of one gallant act against another.

Many almost as good (and some, no doubt, as good) have had to be left out, earning merely a "mention" in despatches.

More impersonal is the next "sifting."

The judge here is the G.O.C.-in-Chief of the Command, to whom the Group O.C. forwards his recommendations.

Of the many R.A.F. Commands, the three most concerned with honours and their Chiefs are Fighter (Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding), Bomber (Air Marshal C. F. A. Portal), and Coastal (Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill).

These three are the virtual honours-givers to the heroes of the air. They add the covering "O.K." on the confidential "Recommendation for Honours and Rewards."

On it appears the proposed recipient's surname in block capitals, Christian names, rank, command or group, official number unit.

Particulars are then given of the meritorious service for which the recommendation is made, including date and place, recognition suggested, appointment held by the officer or airman.

From the Command Chief, whose approval is seldom, if ever, disputed, the recommendation goes into the safe keeping of the Honours staff at the Ministry for final recommendation to the King by the Air Minister.

For immediate reward in the field in specially deserving instances a limited number of decorations are placed at the disposal of the air officer commanding.

The supreme moment in honours-giving fell to the Bomber Chief, Air-Marshal C. F. A. Portal, when he proposed the award of the first air V.C.s of this war.

He nominated Flying-Officer Donald Garland and his navigator, Sergeant Thomas Gray, posted "missing" after leading the formation of the five bombers that destroyed the Maastricht bridge over which Germans were pouring into Belgium.

Only one man from the five volunteer crews returned to tell the tale.

While air officers commanding get headaches measuring gallant act against gallant act to decide which should receive recognition, the choice of award to fit the deed is simpler

The V.C. is "for most conspicuous bravery or some daring or pre-eminent act of valour or self-sacrifice, or extreme devotion to duty in the presence of the enemy."

The Distinguished Flying Cross (officers) and Distinguished Flying Medal (airmen) are for outstanding gallantry in action, and the Air Force Cross (officers) and the Air Force Medal (airmen) for bravery while flying but not in action.

Six other awards can also be bestowed on members of the Air Arm: The Orders of the Bath and British Empire, the Distinguished Service Order, the Royal Red Cross, the Military Cross and the Military Medal, the last two in recognition of bravery by officers and airmen while in action on the ground.

The King shakes hands with Flight-Lieutenant Richard Hugh Anthony Lee, after presenting him with the D.S.O. and the D.F.C., who "upheld the highest traditions of the Service." Described as a great leader, the Flight-Lieutenant, who showed great desire to engage the enemy, escaped from behind the German lines after being arrested

THE WORLD IS WATCHING THE FRENCH EMPIRE

FRENCH possessions overseas, occupied by 65,000,000 people of many races and covering 4,500,000 square miles, will continue to be a thorn in Hitler's side. The dictates of demoralised politicians and generals will not mean the end of the resistance by Frenchmen beyond the Nazi's reach, nor the end of their trade with Britain.

Here are details of the power of an Empire which is second only to the British Commonwealth.

In the mandated area of Syria and its adjacent region of Lebanon, 3,360,000 Mohammedans, Christians and Jews look to Britain for release from the prospect of Nazi domination.

They will not be disappointed.

France has 2,000,000 soldiers in her Empire. Of these, nearly a million are stationed in French North Africa. That great stretch of territory, including Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, extends from the Atlantic seaboard to the Libyan frontier.

Algeria, with a population of 8,000,000 is rich in agricultural products and minerals. It has exported wines, cereals, sheep, olive oil and spirits to France. It contains more than 2,000 miles of railway line, 3,500 miles of excellent Government roads.

Tunisia, adjoining Algeria, has one of the finest natural harbours in the Mediterranean.

Bizerta, headquarters of the French North African squadron, a heavily-fortified port with deep anchorage, has immense naval stores.

Built at a great cost are the deep defences, the so-called "Mareth Line," adjoining the Italian Libyan frontier Between the "Mareth Line" and the fortifications constructed along the Egyptian frontier, Italy's Libyan dominion is held in a vice.

French Equatorial Africa, 300,000 square miles of tropical forests, is a prolific source of man power and minerals.

Farther west is Senegal, France's oldest colony, home of the Senegalese troops and containing Dakar, the fine seaplane and naval harbour.

Morocco, rich in vital raw materials and fighting men, also occupies a key strategic position for ensuring that the wealth of the great African hinterland shall not be available to the aggressors.

The French complain that the inhabitants of Madagascar, France's far-away island of the South Indian Ocean, are lazy, but they have been among the first to express their loyalty to the Allied cause.

French colonies in the Western Hemisphere include two small groups of islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland, Martinique and Guadeloupe in the West Indies, and French Guiana, of Devil's Island fame.

These will be governed by Canada until French world authority is restored.

Twenty-four million people in Indo-China, including the Asiatic dependencies of Cochin China, Annam, Cambodia, Tonkin, Laos and Kwangchow, have reaffirmed their hatred of the Dictators.

It will take more than the capitulation of generals and the threats of corrupt jacks-in-office to ensure a walk-over for Hitler and Mussolini in the French lands overseas.

Inevitably the situation will be confused for some time, but whatever happens, the British Navy will prevent many rich plums from falling into Nazi hands.

MOBILISING OUR IDEAS

NOW is the time to establish a "G.H.Q. of Information and Ideas." It need not be a spectacular department; it need not cost a lot to run; it need not be a warren of civil servants. But it could be most useful.

There are Departments of Scientific Research at the Admiralty, the War Office, the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Supply ready to cast an eye over the hosts of scientific notions, good, bad and indifferent, pouring in from those with real or imagined inventive genius.

No Clearing House

But for *general* public-spirited ideas and information, arising from ordinary, hard-sense observation and conversation, there is no official clearing house.

If there were one, every community in the land could contribute its quota of suggestions and information, seemingly trivial and sometimes important, to the common stock for consideration.

Here are a few that arose during conversation in a village "local."

When somebody called for still stricter precautions against the invasion of this country, the milkman wondered why nobody had given instructions that his bottles, bearing the name of the village, should be deposited not on doorsteps but where they would be harder to find.

The grocer knew a German living in a near-by town who had "visited" Holland since the outbreak of war.

Awkward Position

The German had been his friend for three years, and presumably could not have gone abroad without the sanction of authority.

But ought he to make sure?

To what authority could he turn in the strictest confidence without it "getting back to his friend"?

Could he inform the Ministry of Information?

Everybody said it was his duty to "tell the policeman."

But the grocer did not like the constable and was telling him nothing.

Eventually he was persuaded to communicate with the Home Office.

The butcher threatened to report (though to whom he did not know) the stupidity of the railway company in painting the local main line station bright cream.

Railway companies should be prevented from doing that sort of thing, argued this butcher, who had enough intelligence to have his own shop repainted an inconspicuous brown, instead of white.

The farmer said that in the first week of the war he began to "disperse" his cattle over several fields so that they would not provide a big target for bombers.

Wasted Time

Yet months passed before most farmers did likewise.

These are only a few of the useful everyday ideas that even a village—the most modest unit of the country's life—could pass on to a "G.H.Q., Ideas and Information," properly constituted, and affording a direct and confidential link between a central authority and the public

The Ministry of Information has already forged half of that link by *giving* information; it could now add the other half by acting as a clearing house for *receiving* it.

Valuable *general* ideas and information are worth inviting.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

£20-A-DAY CROOK'S RATION RACKET

RATIONING is enabling at least one artful crook to make twenty pounds a day out of small shopkeepers who are so eager to maintain their stocks of chocolates that they don't bother to enquire too closely into the credentials of the friendly "commercial traveller."

One of many men practising low tricks on the hard-pressed, this persistent swindler is touring the country, using such names as "Hall," "Walters" and "Lawrence"—which is believed to be his real name—and duping so many small shopkeepers in a quiet day's "round" that his average earnings must amount to about a hundred pounds a week.

He never attempts to swindle his victims for large sums; he asks for amounts that are not hard to find in a shop till, and he maintains his large "takings" by the swiftness with which he goes from shop to shop.

Not long ago he walked into a small confectioner's shop in Forest Gate, London, E., handed the proprietor a card that introduced him as "Mr. Hall, representative of Cadbury Brothers, Limited, of Bournville, Birmingham."

He explained that he was working from a branch office at Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W., and talked so learnedly about the difficulties of procuring sugar that he was soon accepted as an authentic "commercial traveller."

As the shopkeeper's name appeared on his list of "Cadbury dealers," he went on to say that in exceptional circumstances an account could be opened on a cash basis for a limited number of small boxes of chocolate.

He could promise that these boxes would be supplied. He would use his influence—as long as the cash was produced.

Eventually an order was made out on a form bearing the name of Cadbury Brothers, and Mr. Hall departed with the cash.

Days passed and nothing happened.

When days slipped into weeks, the shopkeeper became curious, and on communicating with Cadburys learned that Mr. Hall was a fraud. The police then told him that he was not the only victim of this travelling swindler's plausible tales.

Not only had many Forest Gate shopkeepers fallen for his story, but also he had left a trail of angry dupes in such London suburbs as Barking, East Ham and Ilford, extending to Sevenoaks, Coventry, Leicester and Mansfield.

While the police are making every effort to catch up with this wily crook, who has already been to jail for fraud, I want to urge every shopkeeper reader of JOHN BULL to watch out for him, bearing in mind that he does not always take in vain the name of Cadbury.

He has worked his trick as easily in some districts by pretending to represent other well-known concerns.

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. LESLIE W. P. WRIGHT, Odessa-road, Forest Gate, London, E., receives this week's Guinea for bringing to my notice information that has proved to be most valuable.

Readers in all parts of the country can assist me by sending details of any scandal or trickery that comes to their notice.

Letters should be addressed to "Public Benefactor."

The Greatest of These

"I HAVE pawned all my possessions, and now it looks as though I must give up the fight to save my family from starvation. . . ." Such is the cry of a despairing Somerset widow, faced with providing for six children under thirteen years of age on a few shillings a week.

After serving in the last war, her husband was discharged, his nerves shattered, his health ruined by gas. His pension of £2 was gradually reduced, finally discontinued. His efforts to find work made him so depressed that he eventually committed suicide.

Yet his youngest child was then only a fortnight old.

Because the husband did not possess the necessary number of National Insurance stamps, the widow cannot be granted a pension.

Do please help her?

Send a donation earmarked "Desolate" to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to all who send to us anonymously and under various pseudonyms.

Passports for "Sale"

SELLING faked birth certificates to aliens was a profitable business until Scotland Yard men began pouncing on the rogues who were persuading bewildered aliens that the forgeries would enable them to claim "British nationality."

Detectives are still combing Soho hideouts of many of London's worst rogues, for the chief man in this faked birth certificate racket, but so far they have only been able to send the less spectacular members of his gang to prison.

They know the identity of the ringleader, and they know the way in which his wretched minions work.

While some members of the gang make "contacts," others interview the deluded aliens, compile details about their ages, their names, their birthplaces, their relatives, their ability to speak English, and so on.

Yet another section of the gang sets to work among the files at Somerset House for entries about the time indicated by the various ages.

If the person to whom a suitable entry relates is dead, the rest is easy. A copy of the certificate costs only 7s. 6d.

Sometimes aliens obtain passports by using the birth certificates of men serving prison sentences.

I give these stories to show how essential it is to be suspicious of anybody whose activities are at all doubtful.

That is why, in reply to a reader who gave me useful information under the pseudonym of a "A Dutiful Citizen," I said:

"I daily receive information on matters that are made immediately available to the authorities under conditions of complete secrecy. So do not hesitate to write to me, even though it be anonymously."

Since then I have received many letters, giving me information that has proved most useful to the authorities.

His Promised Help

ADVERTISING in trade and provincial newspapers, too many "Private Investors" are now promising to give financial help to those who are temporarily in difficulties. If that is as far as they went, I would have no need to indict them.

Unfortunately, some of them take money from those who need it instead of giving it to them.

Heartless wretches, they prey on the needy, taking an unfair advantage of their troubles.

Complaints from readers about such a "Private Investor" brought enquiries from official sources, and now I hear that he has been sentenced at the Guildhall to twelve months' hard labour after pleading guilty to embezzlement in connection with another matter.

This is the man, who in the name of Parbrook, tried to persuade a Lancashire reader of JOHN BULL to send him three guineas. He had promised to lend the reader £200 because "he would be doing something for the farming industry."

But the canny Lancashire man didn't believe Mr. Parbrook's story about the three guineas being necessary "for expenses and incidentals."

At that time Parbrook's "registered office" was one room in a private house in Harrington Street, London, N.W.1.

Not long ago he vanished from another "registered office" in Camden Town, London, because things were getting too hot for "C. Ambrose," the philanthropic private investor!

If you must borrow money, don't be deluded by these artful parasites.

Harpies of War

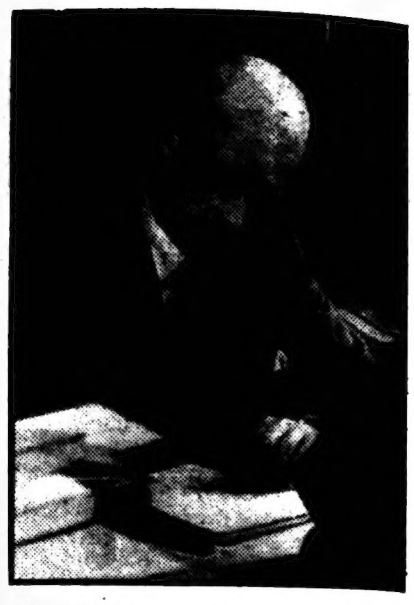
"FLORENCE READE" makes a habit of collapsing in the street.

She tells sympathisers that a "cloud has come over her" through war worries. In an effort to get essential assistance, she has travelled far only to find that her friend has moved without telling her. She is now hungry and without the means needed to pay her fare home again.

Her home-town is a long way away; the fare is expensive.

Actually, her "home" is only a short bus-ride away, and any money she receives from good Samaritans only goes to increase the "income" she makes so easily by posing as a victim of war-nerves.

Yet she is only one of many women, many more foolish than deliberate in their misdeeds, now causing the police to waste time that should be devoted to more urgent national needs.



Don't hesitate to write to me—either about suspicious aliens or anomalies needing official enquiries

There is a gang of women preying on the credulity of old-age pensioners.

They visit pensioners, pretending they are authorised by a Government Department to make enquiries into irregularities in past payments. After a great deal of terrifying "third degree," say that unless some payment is made towards meeting the amount that has been overpaid, the pensions will be forfeited.

Many old people have borrowed from their friends to meet the demands of these heartless wretches whose yarns contain not a thread of truth.

Shares Bought by Instalment

THE Comptroller of the Companies Department of the Board of Trade might think it worth while to give expert attention to the affairs of Edward A. Simpson and Co., Limited, "investment dealers in all classes of Stock Exchange Securities," which until recently had offices in Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2, and a West End branch in Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London.

After offering to sell shares in all kinds of companies, either for cash or by deferred payments, the firm, which had been established since 1921, went into voluntary liquidation.

Meantime, clients had entrusted large sums of money to Edward A. Simpson and Co. as investments.

Among the documentary evidence before me concerning this firm's activities there is a financial expert's criticism, dated November, 1939, in which it is said that Edward Simpson and Co. was then "a firm of touting share dealers" which had previously employed a troupe of touring dynamiters"—high-pressure salesmen—to "foist shares on the public."

Before its voluntary liquidation in January, it is believed the firm was insolvent for at least a year. Yet it went on trading.

Clients would never have parted with their money had they known the true position of the firm, which now has losses estimated at £30,000.

While some clients submitted cash for share purchases, others used the "Three Monthly Account" system. Many clients in both these categories received neither stock nor the return of their money, some of which was paid into the bank against the company's overdraft.

Many clients who were buying shares by deferred payments have been told that although their money was received before the liquidation there may be no dividend for them, as the "outright" purchasers hold preferential claims.

There are so many disquieting features about the affairs of this company that the whole career of the rotten concern should be deeply probed.

12,000,000 WHO ARE WASTED

This girl operator, drilling fuse caps in a munition factory for twelve hours a day, seven days a week, is being given her chance to help the national war effort, but what of the millions denied that chance?

MOBILISE the women of Britain!

Not even chivalry to the sex will make us deceive you about woman's war effort.

If we are slow in using our man-power, we are even slower in using our woman-power.

And just as it isn't the fault of the men in the one instance, it isn't the fault of the women in the other.

Organisations responsible for the present war effort of women have conducted a census.

It shows almost inexhaustible woman-power.

To begin with, there are 5,500,000 women officially described as "normally employed who could do other war work."

They sell perfumes, fit and sell six-guinea corsets, demonstrate luxury articles, manicure nails, sell gowns, act as demonstrators and mannequins and so on.

In addition there are 3,000,000 widows and unmarried women who have no need to earn their livings in the ordinary way.

There are 7,500,000 married women who, by virtue of their youth or lack of children, are well able to do war work.

What are we going to do with 16,000,000 women?

Well, what are we doing?

There are two or three thousand W.R.N.S. Most of them are wives or daughters of naval men, nursed in the traditions of the Service. Others find it not too easy to get in.

There are 15,000 W.A.A.F.S., according to the most recent figure available.

Throw in W.A.T.S., canteen workers, and others putting in full-time service with the Forces themselves, and the total is not more than 150,000.

It isn't a lot, out of 16,000,000 women.

JOHN BULL could tell you some thrilling stories of seventy-nine women who did wonderful work with the French troops and came home from Paris heaven knows how; of hundreds of women who ran unbelievable risks in the retreat in Belgium.

Yet these figures are so small when you are considering the war effort of 16,000,000 women.

JOHN BULL is not blaming the women.

Four million of them have to be brought into our war industries before we reach war production on the 1918 scale.

Nearly 106,000 of them were so employed two months ago. To-day the figure is probably 225,000.

Steps to augment that total are lamentable.

The Women's Engineering Society is making the most laudable effort of all.

It is teaching women sculptors, dressmakers, beauty parlour assistants, seamstresses, the arts of engineering.

It has no opposition from the unions, which have set the beating of Hitler as the prime aim of life. It has no opposition from the engineers of the country, who have the same aim.

★

There is no organisation more capable of teaching engineering.

Yet because every woman has to pay for her own training, it cannot hope to teach more than a few hundreds.

The Government doesn't help to the extent of a penny piece.

A few hundreds more are being taught by technical and night schools.

Sheffield University is training women through its applied science department.

Yet the need is for 4,000,000 women.

War time industry says it hasn't the time to teach them. Without Government sponsorship, all these efforts together cannot give us more than a thousand or so women engineers.

Then there are nurses.

The Civil Nursing Reserve wants another 30,000 women, and heaven knows how much that excellent organisation of wonderful women really does need them.

Yet thousands of trained nurses are retained in private organisations.

Scores of thousands of women who were among the 1,500,000 munition workers of the last war are applying for jobs at the employment exchanges in vain.

Millions of women, pleading for the chance to do something, anything, find it impossible to get a chance.

It isn't the fault of the women, just as it isn't the fault of the men that we haven't a trained Army just twice as big as the Army of to-day.

Go to any munitions district.

You'll find women with three, four babies.

Attractive women they are, if you don't notice the hands coarsened with oil, the steel splinters under the skin—if you can't smell the oil clinging to their hair, or hear voices hoarse with the fumes from explosive mixtures.

They're not less beautiful on that account. In the national interests they have sacrificed femininity—something dearer than anything to the heart of a woman

Married women have to prepare breakfasts for their husbands on night-shift before they leave for work themselves.

Their husbands, leaving home before they return, prepare their suppers.

But there are certainly not more than a quarter of a million women doing such work.

Include the 600,000 women who are doing wonders as members of the Women's Voluntary Services, and there aren't 1,500,000 doing war work in this country.

Only a million and a half getting their chance out of 16,000,000 women longing to play their part in defeating the Nazis.

We cannot afford, in this fateful hour, to throw away the services of at least 12,000,000 eager women.

CHURCHILL'S BRAIN TRUST

BRITAIN always produces the right man at the right time, said General Smuts.

To-day that man is Mr. Winston Churchill.

We can leave to the historians a detailed work on the reasons for Mr. Churchill's greatness, but prominent among them is the Premier's capacity for picking the right assistants.

Three relatively unknown friends of Mr. Churchill, intensely proud of the confidence he places in them, now form the "Churchill Brain Trust."

There is red-haired, dynamic Brendon Bracken, recently appointed Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, a thirty-nine-year-old hard-hitting realist known to the Conservative Whips in the House of Commons as the "Red-headed Tiger."

Brendon Bracken's articles in the financial newspaper of which he was editor made his reputation as a far-seeing politician.

A bespectacled, square-jawed young man, he never gives the House a dull moment when he has something to say.

His business acumen is considerable; his repartee brilliant. As a director of one of Britain's largest printing firms he was once asked what his attitude was to the Revised Prayer Book.

"My dear sir," replied Bracken, "we print it."

On another occasion he told Paddington electors:

"Don't raise any more corn. Raise hell!"

Brendon Bracken is now one of the most optimistic men in Britain. He sees Britain freed from Continental commitments, a Britain standing strong with her Empire.

Because he believes in the British Empire, Brendon Bracken works unpaid at No. 10, Downing Street, within reach of the Premier, far into the early hours each day.

When the Premier was First Lord of the Admiralty, he installed another adviser, Professor Frederick Lindemann, in a special laboratory at the Admiralty.

Advocate of Britain's balloon barrage, Professor Lindemann pleaded when fighting in the Oxford University by-election three years ago that Britain's Air Force should be so strong that no country would think of attacking.

Mr. Churchill shared his views, but nobody would listen.

When Professor Lindemann was an experimental pilot attached to the Physical Laboratory of the R.A.F. at Farnborough in the last war, he was troubled by the deaths caused by power-dive black-outs.

Lindemann maintained that by using certain tactics it was possible to nose-dive quite safely with engines full on. His colleagues were sceptical.

"Very well," he said, "I'll show you myself."

He climbed into the cockpit of an aircraft and gave the critics a hair-raising performance.

"I could do it on paper," he said afterwards, "so I was sure I could do it in the air."

Professor Lindemann examines every invention of promise submitted to the Government.

One of his ambitions was to create a fleet of radio-controlled fighters to crash head-on into enemy bombers.

During the last few years, Mr. Winston Churchill has often startled an incredulous House of Commons with statistics of Germany's huge armaments. The man who supplied them is now installed as third man in the Churchill "Brain Trust."

Major Desmond John Falkiner Morton, War Industry Adviser, who has a cottage near Mr. Churchill's Westerham residence, lives for figures.

Major Morton was A.D.C. to Earl Haig during the World War. Four years ago, appointed Director in the Department of Overseas Trade, he created an intelligence service that worked in vain when supplying the Government with vital information.

But Winston Churchill listened to them, and Major Morton's accuracy foresight and initiative have now been recognised.

The Spirit of Br

Britons can face the greatest seige in history, strong in the knowledge that the soul of Britain is still gloriously true to the gospel of human liberty, which has been its greatest contribution to the history of mankind

By A. G. GARDINER

SUCCESSES of Hitler's tornado must not blind us to the fact that it is a tornado and that it is the character of a tornado to exhaust itself with its own violence.

Nor must we be awed by the indisputable cunning of Hitler's calculations

The burglar always has the advantage of the innocent householder in the first phase of his enterprise.

He is able to select his victim, choose his own time, lay his secret plans and equip himself with the necessary weapons.

BUT ALL BURGLARS IN THE END SUFFER THE SAMF FATE. NO BURGLAR EVER ESCAPES ULTIMATE DISASTER.

There comes, even to a criminal genius like Charles Peace, a moment, an incident, a check that is fatal to his whole career, and brings all his cunning to naught.

Give him rope enough and he will hang himself—as Peace hanged himself, and, as I believe, Hitler will hang himself.

I believe this the more confidently because I am convinced that his whole plot is based on a cardinal miscalculation.

I said last week that this war would be decided in this island. That is Hitler's view, too.

It has been apparent for years to anybody but our statesmen and our diplomatists—always excepting Mr. Churchill—to anybody, that is, who watched the omens and studied the gangster psychology that the destruction of the British Empire was the ultimate goal in view.

The dream of world conquest which has possessed the German mind with gathering momentum for a century—witness that astonishing prophecy of Heine in 1934—has always had the overthrow of the free self-governing British system of nations as the crowning stroke, the key to victory.

That system, founded on the principles of democracy—Parliamentary government, free institutions, the sacredness of personal liberty, the reign of law and justice—stood in the path of the enslavement of all nations to the will of a tyrant power governing through its Gestapo.

It must go down before the goal of world dominion could be reached.

All triumphs were but preliminaries to that final triumph.

For when it was accomplished nothing would remain that could resist the might of Germany.

The Western hemisphere from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn would fall like a ripe plum to the same arts and crafts that had first enslaved Europe and dissolved the world system of the British Empire.

IN THF ATTACK NOW CONCENTRATED ON BRITAIN, THEREFORE, NOTHING LESS THAN THE FATE OF THE WORLD AND OF HUMAN FREEDOM THROUGHOUT THE WORLD IS AT STAKE.

I SHALL NOT ATTEMPT TO MINIMISE THE GRAVITY OF THE PERIL IN WHICH WE STAND. THE WHIRLWIND WHICH STRUCK EUROPE THREE MONTHS AGO HAS STUNNED THE MIND OF THE WORLD.

We are left without an effective ally in all Europe. We are the last outpost of its liberties against the barbarians.

On a superficial view, it might seem that the fate of those liberties was sealed.

BUT IT IS AT THIS STAGE OF THE STRUGGLE THAT I BELIEVE EVENTS WILL SHOW THAT HITLER HAS MADE HIS CARDINAL MISCALCULATION.

Drunk with the sight of his own whirlwind power, he has not reckoned on the latent power focused in this island.

WHILE avoiding the mistake of underrating his strength, we must take care not to under-rate our own.

His is realised power—power at the

GEN. DE GAULLE WAS SNUBBED BECAUSE HE WAS RIGHT

IT was left to General de Gaulle, when the Fascists "ratted," to sound the clarion call to France.

He was in London, sent to Downing Street by Paul Reynaud as a last hope, just before the decrepit Petain became Premier

De Gaulle, stranded here, appealed over the radio to all Frenchmen overseas to carry on the struggle.

Soon his desk was covered with cables from Frenchmen in all the colonies. There was a wonderful response.

De Gaulle has Right Wing opinions, but, as a soldier, he has a modern mind.

When he saw the Nazi war machine growing, he made himself an expert on tanks.

Three years ago, when France, dazzled by the Maginot Line, was talking of entrenching her armies and fighting a defensive war, he warned his superiors about the menace of the Nazi tanks.

He gave them exact information about their size and number. He described the technique of the armoured offensive; gave them ideas on how to meet it.

The generals did not merely pooh-pooh his ideas. They were angry.

So de Gaulle went to see Reynaud, then a minor Minister.

Reynaud, enthusiastic, told him to write his ideas in a pamphlet.

When this became a book, "Towards a Professional Army," Reynaud himself wrote the preface, urging the building of tanks, big tanks, and more tanks.

But the Old Gang in the French Army not only snubbed de Gaulle. They suppressed him.

When he gave a series of lectures at the Sorbonne, he had to face heated interruptions.

De Gaulle, it was said, even kept a small tank by his bedside, always testing. But all his work was in vain.

Well, the world now knows what happened.

Now virtual ruler of all that remains of free France, General de Gaulle, "the soldier who knew" devotes his genius to carrying on the fight to liberate his countrymen.

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Ignoring the Maginot Line, German tanks thundered through the infantry. Their low-diving 'planes dropped parachutists. Defeatism spread everywhere in France

"There was a member of the Fifth Column in every regiment," Madame Genevieve Tabouis, the famous French woman journalist, told me. "There was a member of the Fifth Column in every factory. There was a member of the Fifth Column in nearly every home.

Reynaud had done his best.

He had sacked Gamelin and fifteen other generals, put Weygand in command, and promoted de Gaulle to the supreme tank command. But it was too late.

France was beaten in forty days.

At the last moment Reynaud had made de Gaulle a member of his Government.

Petain, nominal head of a Cabinet bossed by Laval, not only dropped him, but also cashiered him from the Army when de Gaulle broadcast from London, appealing to all Frenchmen to stand by the Allied cause.

Later came a threat that General de Gaulle would be court-martialled and charged with refusing to return to his post.

But he couldn't be court-martialled by an army that no longer existed.

Now to most soldiers this news would have come as a terrible degradation. But to de Gaulle it meant glory.

He had been discharged by the most timorous gang of soldiers and politicians that his country had ever known. He was threatened by them with court-martial for remaining a patriotic Frenchman!

Military reputations are strange.

Petain was boosted in England as the gallant defender of Verdun. He was said to be a marvellous man.

Actually he was always timorous.

Madame Tabouis told me that, when she was editing the life of her uncle, Jules Cambon, she frequently found in his war diary such lines as, "We must watch Petain. He is a defeatist."

While Petain was telling France that she was free—even though he had surrendered everything to Nazidom—de Gaulle was busy in a small office in London, trying to assemble all overseas France to continue in the struggle.

From places as far apart as Tangiers, Monte Video, New York, Damascus, Cairo and Madagascar there came promises of support.

Members of the French Military Mission in London were by this time wearing civilian clothes. Yet de Gaulle, who had not approached them for days, still wore his uniform, and seemed proud of it.

He went to Downing Street.

He went to the War Office.

Although he was virtually the ruler of all that remained of France, he still worked in a scarce-furnished office.

Frenchmen called all day, offering their services.

They wept.

They expressed their shame at the betrayal of their country.

De Gaulle reassured them. He gave them hope. All the time more and more cables arrived.

A small tank by his bedside helped him to become France's foremost expert on mechanised warfare

De Gaulle is upstanding. He is incisive, short in his speech; and the stalwart qualities that made him go on with his tank ideas year after year, when everyone but Reynaud had turned him down, are obvious in his manner.

Now, were one reading this about ancient Rome, in "The Fall and Decline of the Roman Empire," by Gibbon, it would sound incredible.

Yet "The Decline and Fall of the French Empire" has been written, in all but its last chapter, in the last few weeks.

We still trust that the events of the near future will change the title so that, when some historian completes it, it will be called "How France was Saved."

ftain

maximum. He must wi. while his whirlwind is at its height.

Ours is developing power. We have only to weather the whirlwind in order to get the ascendant.

In a word, the success of Hitler's gamble depends on one thing. It depends on the effective conquest and occupation of this island this summer.

He has specified the date—August 15th.

He relies upon three means to achieve this. They are:

The severance of our sea supplies to such an extent that we shall have to surrender to starvation.

Moral terror and material devastations from the air which will frighten us into surrender.

Invasion by sea and air in such force as to establish his armies in possession of our land.

If by each and all of these methods he can bring us to our knees he will have won the war, and be able to send his Hitler Youth on trips to Brighton in September to see the latest German slave state, as predicted by Dr. Ley.

But if he fails, if next winter this island of ours is still ours, still the fortress of the liberties of Europe, still unconquered and unconquerable, he will have suffered a defeat from which he will not recover.

AND I THINK HE WILL FAIL. HE WILL FAIL MAINLY BECAUSE HE HAS MISCALCULATED THE SPIRIT OF THIS COUNTRY.

It is the custom of Hitler and his jackal to describe the "pluto-democracies" as effete and degenerate cumberers of the earth.

How often in recent years have we read the heroics of the jackal and his press-flunkey Gayda about the "dynamic" young peoples—their name for the barbarians—who are going to "trample on the decaying corpse of the goddess of liberty," and snatch the leadership of the world from the feeble hands of the democracies.

If these fulminations represent the enemy's real opinion about the spirit of this country they are going to have a rude awakening.

Being civilised, we hate war and love peace. We are slow to anger and free from that frenzy of race hatred and racial arrogance which is the curse of Germany.

But these things do not imply cowardice or, when the great occasion arises, the fear of conflict and sacrifice.

That occasion has arisen now, and this nation is stirred to its depth as it has never been stirred before in its history.

FROM the highest to the lowest it is seen that all the spiritual values of existence as well as all the humanities of life are at stake, and that no price is too high to pay and no sacrifice too great to make to preserve the heritage which, under Providence, we enjoy and reverence.

Never in my long experience has this country been moved by so deep an emotion, lifted to so high a plane as it is to-day.

It is the classless society at its noblest.

All differences are forgotten, all the things that divide us are consumed in the single motive of service to a cause which is greater than ourselves, more dear than life, even the life of those we most love.

In our darker hours we may be forgiven for lamenting that we should have lived to see again the appalling irruption of pagan horror into our life.

"We're in the final, and we're playing on our home ground . . . ." that's the optimistic way that such sons of Britain as this foreman of a mechanised farm face Hitler's threats to trample our liberties underfoot

Strong in our command of the sea, supreme in tactics in the air, and daily progressing to numerical equality also, and with the morale of the nation at its highest, we confront the ordeal before us, however severe it may be, with the assurance that next winter this island will still be ours, still unviolated "by the proud foot of a conqueror."

THE concentration of the attack on these shores is not all loss. Our defence is concentrated, too

And in a mood of willing, nay, eager self-surrender the danger is, not that we are asking the nation to sacrifice too much, but that we are asking it to sacrifice too little.

It is not enough that the Government should take our money. It should take our luxuries, and cease to tolerate the levities and extravagances which are so discordant with the tremendous menace that threatens us.

With the terrific strain on our merchant service, the tinkering with the rationing system should cease, and we should be reduced to the bare requirements of healthy and efficient life.

IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT ONE OF THE DECISIVE FACTORS OF THE WAR IS OIL, THE PRESENT WASTAGE OF THAT COMMODITY IS DEPLORABLE.

AND, WHEN THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE NATION IS IN THE BALANCE, WHAT EXCUSE CAN THERE BE FOR THE FRIVOLITIES OF DOG-RACING?

THE PUBLIC ARE IN THE MOOD TO ACCEPT, EVEN TO WELCOME, ANY LIMITATION PUT UPON THEIR NORMAL LIFE, AND THE SEVERER OUR DISCIPLINE THE MORE CERTAINLY AND SPEEDILY WE SHALL EMERGE FROM THE MIGHTY ORDEAL BEFORE US.

And when we have emerged, when the security of our island is established, the vast potentialities of our sovereign position at sea should come into full force to our advantage and the disadvantage of the enemy.

And not only our own potentialities.

Winter will fall on the desolation that Hitler has made of Europe.

And the unknown quantity of Russia may have changed the complexion of the struggle as it changed that of Napoleon in 1812.

Argue it Out — *By Pallas*

SHE HAS HER LIFE TO LIVE

HOW often, in the speculative, impersonal sense, I had argued the problem: "If a child is born, has it the right to live?"

Without going too deeply into the subject, I used to arrive at a vague conclusion that a child had the right to live, whether it was born to a "heritage" of poverty and darkness, or destined to empty years of ease and luxury.

To-day the problem is vitally personal.

It concerns my seven-months-old daughter.

Months ago I urged my wife to go with baby to a "safe" evacuation area. She refused; said it was her duty to stay with me. "See it through" were her words.

In those quiet days of complacency when the nation lived calmly in a fools' paradise I accepted her decision without argument.

To-day things are different.

War looms over this armed island, and the time has come when every man must consider himself a soldier of Britain.

When the siren roused us the other night baby for the first time was taken from her cot in the early hours of the morning. She thought the "adventure" great fun, sucked at my dressing-gown, gurgled and crooned.

We laughed bravely in the darkness, but I knew that we were both thinking of the future of the tiny bit of humanity.

In the morning I asked my wife whether she were willing to take baby with her to Canada. She has a brother living in Ontario, and a home and welcome await her.

At first, in that stubborn, quiet way that women adopt when their minds are riven by loyalties, my wife said "No." She still thought that a wife's place was at her husband's side.

I pointed out that soon every man would be at the disposal of the State; that all of us who could carry arms would do so; and that more women than ever would have to carry on alone.

I pointed out that the more women and children we get out of Britain the less acute becomes our food problem, and the more eased becomes the shipping position.

I pointed out that in the last resort every woman and every child not actively engaged in some branch of war effort would be a burden on the already over-burdened resources of the nation.

I pointed out that a man free from anxiety about the safety of his family is a man better fitted to perform the heavy task that lies ahead.

And, finally, I pointed out that a child has a right to live, especially a baby of such promise as ours.

There was a partial surrender.

"I'll leave the decision to you," she said. "You're head of the family."

For days and nights I have wrestled with my problem.

The going of my wife and baby would leave me lonelier than I dare contemplate.

The kiddy, now in her most human and most interesting phase of development, would grow up without those early associations that form so strong a bond between father and daughter.

I would miss my wife more even than I can write. Especially would I miss her strength, her courage, her tolerance and her love.

I would miss my home.

In the end I had to realise that my child must be given every chance I can give her to live free from the threat of war and the threat of persecution.

She was born to freedom, to a life unfettered and unstained.

That is the birthright to which she, and millions like her, are entitled.

We have lived, we who have seen two wars, who have seen humanity at its best and worst.

We have lived in a world torn by brutality.

We have a mission—to hand on to our children the Torch of Liberty, its flame undimmed by the shadows that threaten to extinguish it.

We shall achieve that mission; more resolutely if we know our children will live to enjoy the heritage we shall hand them.

My baby, God willing, goes to Canada.

A. W. HELLIWELL this week adds dynamic Johnny Kilbane to his "Giants of the Ring"

THE LAUGHING CHAMPION

FOR the twentieth time that afternoon John Patrick Kilbane put down his pen and felt anxiously in the pocket of his jacket. For the twentieth time the reassuring feel of a strip of cardboard brought a smile to his lips.

It was still safe—that precious ten-dollar ticket to the fight at the stadium that evening.

Buying it had meant cutting lunches and cigarettes for a month—but that was nothing to a fight-crazy kid.

By tilting his high stool precariously on two legs and craning his neck he could just see the bill advertising the show.

He took another quick peek, felt again for his ticket, and finally picked up his pen again.

But it was hopeless!

Why try to add up ledger columns when tiny figures in boxing shorts kept dancing across the pages?

How could you still the small voice that kept repeating, "On my right—Johnny Kilbane, champion of the world"?

He was suddenly awakened.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Kilbane," said the chief clerk sarcastically, "but would it be asking too much of you to give a little of your valuable time to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company? You do work here, you know."

A murmur of amusement ran through the office. Johnny, blushing scarlet to the tips of his ears, bent over his ledger again.

Poor Johnny!

He was always getting caught with his snub nose stuck into the sports pages, practising left hooks in a corner, or idly dreaming of the smack of leather on flesh.

The truth was that his heart wasn't in his job. He was a railway clerk only because he had to eat.

For as long as he could remember he had dreamed of being a prize-fighter. When other kids had boasted about being engine-drivers, firemen or "cops," Johnny had said, "I'm going to be a world 'champ.'"

They laughed. Johnny was a mild-looking shrimp of a fellow, who did not look as though he could punch his way out of a paper bag. But long after they had forgotten their schoolboy ambitions he still held fast to his.

YET he still didn't look like a fighter. Five feet five and 122 pounds. That's all there was of him. But there wasn't an ounce of superfluous flesh on his lean and wiry frame, and if one of his fellow-clerks, smiling tolerantly at "little Johnny's" pugilistic ambitions, could have seen him stripped, he would have been surprised.

Most evenings were spent at the athletic club, sparring with other youngsters, skipping or punching the bag, and Johnny was always there when any old-timers came around.

Finally he managed to find a job as masseur at Jimmy Dunn's gymnasium. He left his clerk's desk joyfully.

That was his first step to becoming a world champion.

Jimmy Dunn, a magnificent featherweight, was so impressed by Johnny's style that he left the ring to devote all his time to building the little Irishman into a world-beater.

Four years later, Kilbane rode through the streets of his native Cleveland in the mayor's car. He was featherweight champion.

All Cleveland turned out to give him a welcome. A hundred thousand people lined the streets to hail the local boy who had made good.

Fame left him unspoiled. Eleven years as world's best of his weight left him unchanged. He was no great talker, but when he did open his mouth he spoke only of Jimmy Dunn, friend and tutor.

All the bouquets went to Dunn.

"He put me where I am," he used to say. "I couldn't have had a better teacher."

Johnny won his title from that clever Hebrew battler Abe Attell when they met at Vernon, California, on a scorchingly hot day in February, 1912. Blazing down from a cloudless sky, the sun had shot the thermometer up to 110 degrees in the shade, but Johnny and Abie set a pace that was even hotter than the weather.

PACKING a smashing punch in either hand Attell tried to tempt Johnny into a slugging match. At first Kilbane was all for obliging him, but the wisdom he had learned in those painstaking gymnasium "workouts" with Jimmy Dunn stood him in good stead

He moved about the ring on dancing feet, tempting the champion by his coolness into yet more furious onslaughts. If only one of the terrific blows the Jewish champion hurled at Johnny had found a mark, the fight would have finished.

But Kilbane was on top of his form.

Again and again he made the champion miss, and then his own swift blow would rattle Abie's ribs.

As rounds went by, Attell saw the red light, and he tried to goad Johnny into losing his temper by sneering abuse.

"They told me you were a fighter, Kilbane," he jibed. "Why don't you stand up?"

Johnny only smiled, and retaliated with soft Irish blarney.

"Sorry, Abie, I've left my temper at home, so you won't be seeing it to-day," said he.

KILBANE never did lose his temper in the ring.

Jimmy Dunn constantly impressed on him the folly of losing his head in the ring.

"Lose your temper and you lose a fight, Johnny," he said, and Kilbane never forgot. He fought some of the worst ribbers and wisecrackers of his day, acid-tongued wits who won more fights with words than they did with blows, but their taunts never touched Kilbane.

He so outmanœuvred Attell that ringside experts estimated he made the champion miss more than seven hundred times in twenty rounds! Abie won only two of those twenty rounds.

In the last two rounds he fought like a wild cat, throwing all caution to the winds as he tried vainly to land a knock-out, but Kilbane, ducking and side-stepping as smartly as though he had just stepped into the ring, kept him at bay with a ceaseless tattoo of left-hand leads.

Attell's supporters excused him by declaring that he was past his best, yet only two weeks later Abie went twenty fast rounds with Harlem Tommy Murphy, who himself had held Packy McFarland over the same distance. That form doesn't suggest that Attell was any push-over.

JOHNNY'S greatest triumph was defeating Freddy Welsh, the lightweight champion, over ten rounds.

Even his best friends never imagined that he could give weight to such a great scrapper, but this extract from the next day's paper is sufficient indication of how the fight went:

"Johnny Kilbane, featherweight champion, didn't knock out Freddy Welsh last night," wrote the "New York World" critic. "That's the only thing he didn't do to Freddy. Lack of an official decision is why Welsh is still lightweight champion. Kilbane completely out-boxed and out-fought him in every one of the ten rounds—outfought him so far that the pawing, cuffing, clinging lightweight champion looked a sorry joke."

After twenty furious rounds in scorching sunshine, featherweight Johnny Kilbane is declared world champion, while the defeated Abe Attell stands watching, still bewildered

Kilbane was thinking about quitting the ring in 1921. He had defended his title more than eighty times, and had the major part of the large fortune he had made safely invested.

For two years he turned a deaf ear to Tex Rickard's invitations to fight at the old Madison Square Garden. Then he agreed to meet that extraordinary Frenchman Eugene Criqui, who was known as the "Wounded Wonder," in the summer of 1923.

Criqui was a war hero.

SHOT through the mouth and jaw, he had lain for days on the battlefield before he was rescued.

When he stepped into the ring against Johnny he had part of the jaw of a sheep grafted into his own, but, tough as teak, he was one of the hardest hitters of his weight.

For six rounds smiling Johnny Kilbane swapped punches with this whirlwind from France. He knew that after two years' rest his chances were as slim as those of a carthorse in a classic race, but he went out like a champion.

He dropped face down as Criqui's last smashing punch crashed home. When they had brought him round he held out his right hand to his conqueror with the frank gesture of a true sportsman.

"Good luck, Gene," he said. "I hope you hang on to the title as long as I did."

Rescue Squad Heroes Must Dare Dangers of Bombed Houses

THE air raid is over, and the first Rescue Party is on its way to a house in danger of collapse.

With bulging walls and shattered roof, the structure stands precariously, and the occupants, trapped in the débris, dare not attempt to free themselves.

Nine men and a driver arrive in a motor-lorry, in which are piled scaffolding, pulley-blocks, jacks, ropes, collapsible ladders, small baulks of timber for shoring, and other gear.

The leader of the crew, distinguished by a white helmet, receives the local A.R.P. Warden's report on the building before he decides on his plan of campaign.

Then he gives orders.

Rescuing injured people trapped in buildings made dangerous through bombardment is the duty of the Rescue Parties.

Their work begins when an air-raid is ended.

They are concerned only with the saving of human life, and not with saving property.

Rescue Parties are recruited mainly from demolition and building trade operatives; they are accustomed to working with mattocks at great heights and picking away the ground from under their feet.

When a man joins a Rescue Party, he is already competent to carry out much of the "dangerous" work required of him. But other aspects of this work call for special training.

After joining, a man receives individual instruction in rescue work, and is made familiar with the civil defence organisation. He attends lectures in incendiary bomb control, protection against high explosives, anti-gas methods, and elementary first-aid.

Special schools train 150 pupils a week, and 2,600 men have now passed through the course of instruction, which lasts for five days. These men are whole-time volunteers, paid between £3 and £4 5s. a week.

Guineas for Readers

HUMANIST deals with the plight of a man who has married the sister of the girl he loved. Every week he tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

Troubled Love

LOVE that has lived through twenty years of unhappiness brings its troubled problems to my page this week. It is twenty years since the writer of the letter decided that he could never afford to buy the delicacies and extra comforts needed by the frail young woman with whom he was desperately in love.

"Eventually she married against her parents' wishes," the writer of the letter continues, "and I married her more robust elder sister. Neither marriage has been a success.

"Apart from the fact that I do not really love the woman I married, we are not temperamentally suited to each other.

"The other sister's husband treated her shabbily and eventually left her and her small son in a neighbouring village while he went to work in London.

"In the end my wife decided that her sister should come to live near us, and she had her way even though I opposed the idea.

"It was obvious that my love for her would be intensified through seeing her again, and now I am more in love with her than I was twenty years ago. As she is still delicate, I chop wood and dig in the garden for her, glad to be of service."

Then this loyal sweetheart found that the girl of his dreams was suffering because her husband allowed her only a pound a week, out of which she had to pay eight shillings rent.

As the writer of the letter was away from home all the week, he worked overtime and lived in the cheapest lodgings so as he could give his sister-in-law financial help.

There were weeks when the husband sent nothing and the wife had not a penny in the house.

"I have not deprived my wife of anything," he adds. "She has had as much as if I were living at home, but I dare not tell her what I have done for her sister.

"You can understand how hard it is for me to see the little woman I have loved all these years in want, and how glad I am to be able to ease the burden for her.

"Please tell me whether I am justified in what I am doing, or should I stand by while the frail little woman fights alone?"

IT is a mistake to marry the sister of the girl you love. It is impossible to avoid making comparisons and thinking about what might have been

Still, that part of the problem belongs to the past and cannot be undone. The real question concerns the present—and the future.

Even though what he is doing is wrong, I don't see how he can refuse to help his sister-in-law without feeling a miserable worm.

If he could get his wife's sympathetic co-operation the problem would vanish. But as he cannot do this, his conscience would trouble even more if he did nothing.

WHEN I asked readers to express their opinions about whether a mother ought to force a son into the Army by threatening to expose his guilty past to the girl he is to marry, many people, including soldiers on active service, attacked the son for his cowardice

Others laid all the blame on the mother.

"The mother is furious with her son," writes one reader, "yet she is the villain of the piece. As the boy's father was killed almost before the lad was born, his upbringing has been his mother's sole responsibility.

"He is to-day what she has made him.

"His mother helped him to conceal the identity of the child she adopted. She taught him to dodge his responsibility to the girl who was the mother of that child. She encouraged him to be dishonest with his fiancée, knowing well that the other girl was dead.

"Now he wants to go his own way she proposes to blackmail him into doing what she wishes. I blame her for everything."

Nearly everybody agrees that the fiancée should be told the truth: the man ought not to marry under false colours.

"My own son hates war and all that it means," says another woman. "He shrinks from the thought of killing. He can't stand the sight of blood.

"I chop wood and dig the garden for her . . . . am I justified in what I am doing?"

"When he told me it was his duty to enlist I felt stricken. Yet I did my best to hide my fears and I would do nothing to dissuade him. I felt that he was as great a hero as any fearless V.C.

"He said other men were giving their lives in the cause of freedom, and although he hated war he could not bear to think another man was fighting his battle. It was his duty to stand with his mates.

"The young man in your problem has evidently sown his wild oats, but if he considers what sort of life his child would have under a victorious Germany he ought to be able to find some courage.

"He certainly ought not to marry without telling his future wife about the child. If she cares for him deeply, she will appreciate his manliness in confessing."

MANY readers tell me that no one can help them, yet their problem has been simplified by setting it down in black and white.

The unburdening of a secret takes a load from the harassed mind.

I once had a letter from a woman of eighty. After keeping a secret for more than sixty years, she did not want advice, nor did she wish her letter to be printed She wrote:—

'I have always longed to be able to relieve my mind by telling a friend, but I have always lacked the courage. I feel that I can tell you all about it.

"Now that I have made my confession, I feel as though an immense burden has been lifted. I can live my remaining days with my heart at peace."

Voice of the People

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DICTATORS

SCRAP THE SILLY SCRAP METAL LAW

HITLER might like to know the fate of previous dictators:—

Ivan the Terrible went mad after murdering his son.

Alexander the Great died in agony at thirty-three.

The Caliph of Turkey who over-ran Europe in the fourteenth century was betrayed and poisoned by his favourite wife.

Julius Cæsar was murdered.

Napoleon died in captivity.—A. CRUSE, Hengrove Lane, Knowle, Bristol.

* * *

REGARDING a footnote to a letter in JOHN BULL, I should like to point out that a scrap dealer is not allowed by law to purchase less than half-a-hundredweight of copper, brass or gun-metal, nor less than one hundredweight of scrap lead.

If he does he is liable to prosecution.—S. J. BRIERLEY, Trowbridge Road, Bradford-on-Avon.

Footnote referred to told of a reader's effort to sell a big quantity of metal which was not quite big enough. He complained that by the time he had sufficient to make it saleable the war would be over.

* * *

TAKE down all your signs identifying the towns and villages of Britain—and what then?

The German parachutist will still be able to go to any village post office and buy a sixpenny postal order to know where he is. A good map will do the rest.—E. PURDY, Holland Avenue, Selston, Notts.

All these dangers are being attended to. It is worth remembering that local accents will help us in meeting attacks by parachute troops. Imagine a man asking a hard-headed Yorkshireman the way to the local gas-works in English taught at a German university.

* * *

PETROL and oil will win this war, we are told Yet on a recent Sunday evening I counted more than four hundred cars in one seaside car park.

Supposing each car had used two gallons of petrol on an afternoon's joy-ride.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

* * *

CIRCULATE your threepenny-bits! Of the scores of millions of twelve-sided coins issued by the Mint few are in circulation because the novelty appealed to people.

Hoarders of the coins should realise how unpatriotic it is to save them up. Coppers make munitions—when threepenny bits take their place in the currency.—MISS L. S., Horsham, Surrey.

Release one of the new threepenny-pieces and you release a bullet. Release two hundred, and you present the Army with a shell for a field-gun.

* * *

SEVERAL motorists have been shot for not stopping their cars when challenged.

The signal to stop used by the Ministry has been the waving of a red light.

Many police forces throughout the country, the Metropolitan police among them, lay down that the waving of a red light should be regarded by motorists as the signal to proceed.

Easiest way to get killed in this country is obviously to go motoring.—S. N., Argyle Road, Ealing, W.

JOHN BULL takes the view that too many private cars are being used at night. See page 4.

THREEPENNY-BITS MAKE BULLETS

IS PETROL BEING THROWN AWAY?

* * *

I AM a voluntary evacuation helper, and have just arranged for two delicate slum children to be looked after at an open-air school not far from London.

In a lovely country house in glorious surroundings they will enjoy good food, clean living conditions, expert supervision and a good education.

The cost is no more than for an ordinary evacuated child.

Here is something to remember when peace comes again.—E. MASTERS, Ware, Herts.

* * *

A CAR stopped in our village.

The driver asked the way to a near-by town.

A kindly villager told him at once.

Was he right? Was he wrong? What was his duty?—D. Wakefield, Oddfellows Road, Measham.

In JOHN BULL'S opinion his duty was to refer the motorist to a policeman or somebody entitled to inspect his identity card and ask questions.

A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD accountant, I want to serve my country. But when I tried to enlist in the Army on the outbreak of war, they didn't want me except as a butcher.

The Navy didn't know what to do with me.

Then my job became "reserved."

I sought to join the L.D.V. They wanted me. I was given the job of sitting in a boiler-house writing a weekly report of fifteen words—in two hours.

I tried to get manlier work in A.R.P. —was told, 'We don't want men so young in this job."

If anybody dares to give me a white feather—!—E. M. Gildersome, Leeds.

* * *

IN an article in JOHN BULL—"Why Brand the Objectors?"—you refer to the Non-Combatant Corps as men who say they will not do any sort of Army service

The majority offered to serve in a non-combatant corps, and many declared their willingness to go unarmed to the front line and if need be to give their lives provided that they were employed in saving and not destroying their fellowmen.—Signed by 30 members of the Non-Combatant Corps.

Article in question opposed branding non-combatant soldiers with the initials N.C.C. Nevertheless, JOHN BULL would describe as quite untrue the suggestion that many non-combatants have offered to risk their lives in the front line unarmed. Figure is near 18 per cent.

CASH PRIZES

★ *This is YOUR corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

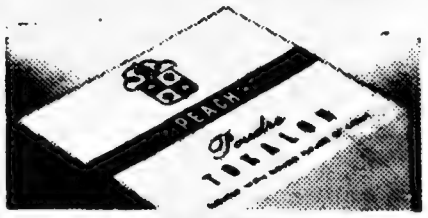
We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WHY I USE THE NEW POUDRE TOKALON

By Countess Belewsky

★ It is "air-floated"—so marvellously fine and light.
★ It stays on for hours because of the "Mousse of Cream" it contains. Ends all fear of shiny nose.
★ I find its exquisite real flower perfume so fresh and fragrant.
★ Its fascinating shades are the very latest from Paris. I find the new "Peach" shade most *flattering*. 6d. Triple size, 1/-.



'A VERY BAD HEAD'

QUICKLY & SAFELY RELIEVED BY
2 Tablets of Phensic

"How I appreciate Phensic!" says Mrs. H. K. "I had a very bad head—so I took two tablets of Phensic. The effect was marvellous. Pain vanished as if by magic."

Phensic is just as quick—just as safe—for

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, COLDS AND CHILLS

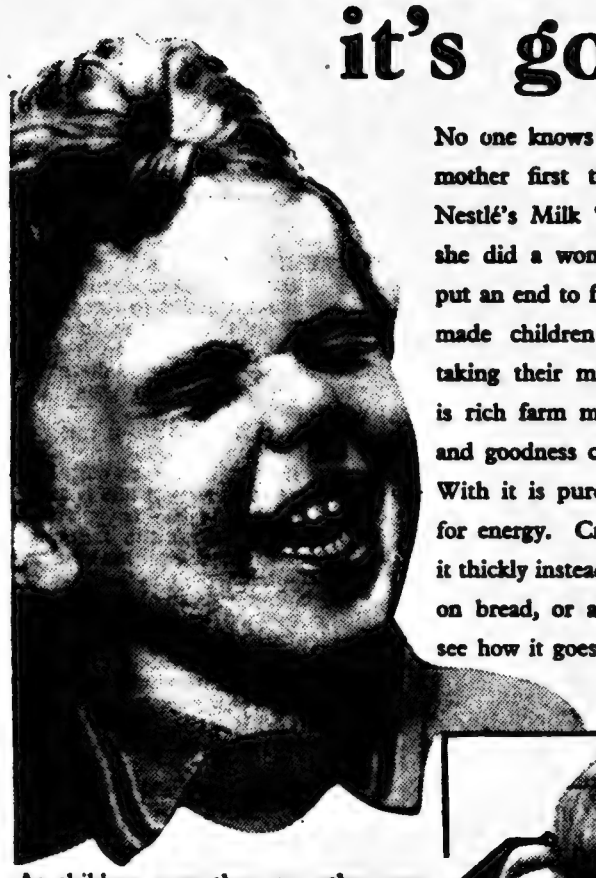
Both as a pain-reliever and a pick-me-up there is nothing to touch Phensic. If you have never tried Phensic DO SO NOW! It does not harm the heart. Prices 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-SIK' Brand

THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Guess what's coming— it's good!



No one knows now which clever mother first thought of calling Nestlé's Milk "cream jam," but she did a wonderful thing. She put an end to fuss and faces. She made children look forward to taking their milk. Nestlé's Milk is rich farm milk with its cream and goodness concentrated. With it is pure cane sugar, food for energy. Cream jam! Spread it thickly instead of rationed butter on bread, or as a sandwich, and see how it goes down!

As children grow there are other ways to give them Nestlé's Milk. Nestlé's is too full of blessings to be left behind. A big spoonful added to cornflakes makes breakfast more exciting, much more sustaining, and much more likely to be eaten all up.

No matter which way you give the children Nestlé's Milk, you give them sheer goodness, nothing but goodness. Safe, sound, body-building nourishment. All-important now.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

keeps for months, but not for ever. Use and replace your emergency stores from time to time.

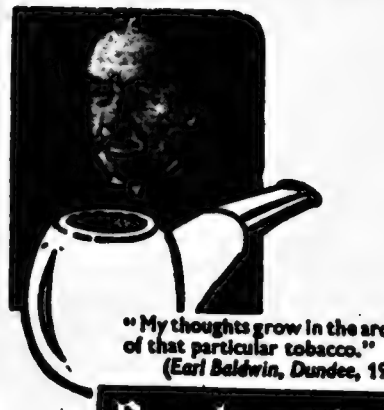
FYNNON FOR FITNESS

On her feet from 6 a.m. to bedtime!

Can a woman keep fit and well who is on her feet up to 16 hours a day? Thousands of brave women with homes and families manage to keep going early and late. Here is the secret of one amazing woman, who seems to thrive on work.

"I have a bed-ridden invalid to care for, a home to keep going and a dairy to look after—all with one pair of hands," writes Mrs. E. C., of Preston. "But Fynnon Salt keeps me fit and capable of doing my work all day long, from 6 in the morning until bed-time. It also keeps me free from Rheumatism. I cannot speak too highly of it. No wonder you say 'Fynnon For Fitness!'"

To keep up your energy and keep down ugly fat, sluggishness and Rheumatic pains, take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning of your life. Fynnon's mineral elements—Sodium, Potassium, Lithium—rouse the liver, activate the kidneys and cleanse the system of toxins and acid waste. Take Fynnon daily and you will be able to say 'Fynnon for Fitness.' Large tin, 2/3. Trial size, 6d.



"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture 1/7½

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS:
Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both 1½ pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey.
The crystals may be dissolved in 1½ pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!
6½d bottle makes 25 tumblers

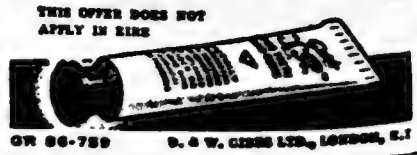
A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

FULL-SIZE 1/3 S.R. TOOTHPASTE FOR 1d

and two empty 6d. S.R. Cartons

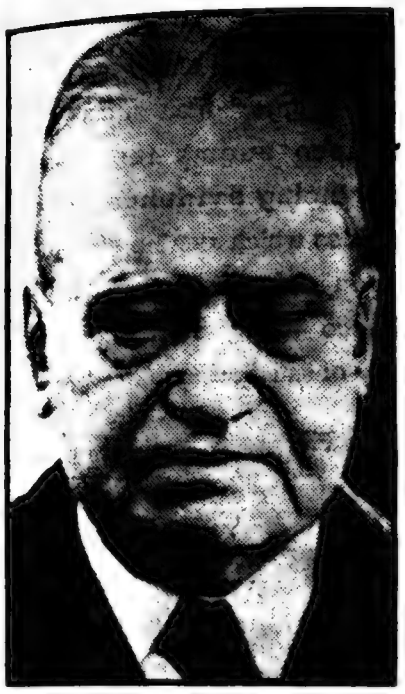
This generous offer helps you to save your money *and* your teeth. All you have to do to get a 1/3 tube of Gibbs S.R. is collect two empty 6d. S.R. cartons and hand these, with 1d., to your chemist! Gibbs S.R., because it contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own treatment for gum diseases, prevents and cures pyorrhoea and gingivitis, the diseases which undermine the teeth. Use Gibbs S.R. regularly for healthy gums and sound teeth.

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY IN EIRE



GR 80-789 W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1

Haunted by a Perfume



Founder of the world's most remarkable detective agency, Allan Pinkerton made suspected murderers admit their crimes by preying on their conscience

FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVES—II

By Louis C. S. Mansfield

ALLAN PINKERTON, founder of the world's most remarkable detective agency, looked across his desk at the grim-faced President of the Columbia Bank.

"You think this man Slocum murdered your cashier, James Carter, while he was on night duty?"

"I'm certain of it!" the bearded banker replied. "You see, the killer did not force his way into the bank.

"Carter unbolted the door to let him in. Slocum was the only man he trusted sufficiently to let into the bank at night."

"What have the police to say?"

The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"Carter was murdered more than a year ago," he said. "Yet they haven't found a single clue. The morning after Carter was murdered I found part of a burned I O U in the fire-grate. It had Slocum's name on it. But the police say there's nothing to connect him with the killing. Now they've dropped the case entirely."

"Is that so?" Pinkerton asked. "Slocum's had plenty of time to destroy all the evidence, if he's the guilty one. We'll have to find some way of getting at him through his conscience."

Had Pinkerton been chief of a vast police force, he could have flung several hundred men into the fray, and by questioning everyone in the district he might have discovered somebody who saw Slocum near the bank.

Even had the enquiry come to him several years later he could have mustered more than six hundred of his own trained sleuths.

But Carter was murdered when Pinkerton's Detective Agency was in its infancy.

He set Agent Green the task of amassing personal details about Slocum.

"There's no doubt Slocum has something on his mind," Green reported several days later. "He's irritable and moody, and he never goes out, never sees any visitors. He can't keep any servants more than two or three weeks. They all say he's going 'nuts.'"

Pinkerton went to see the bank president:

"You told me Carter used a particularly pungent scent," he said, "and that you found a bottle of it, smashed, beside the body. Where can I buy some?"

"At Leigh's, the pharmacist's."

"Meantime, I'm going to introduce William and Martha Binney into Slocum's house as servants," said Pinkerton.

He effected the exchange of servants by bribing Slocum's housekeeper to recommend the Binneys.

When his agents were safely installed, Pinkerton supplied the Binneys with a bottle of Carter's favourite scent and ordered them to sprinkle it over Slocum's linen.

Also he told them to instal a secret speaking-tube from the rear porch into Slocum's bedroom.

In the days that followed Slocum was almost driven out of his mind with worry and remorse.

Every shirt he put on, every collar he handled, held that dreadful perfume which had been spilled in the bank on the night Carter was murdered.

An innocent man would have complained, but Slocum put it down to his imagination conjuring up the past.

He tried to pretend it did not exist.

Day by day he grew more wild-eyed and unbalanced.

When Pinkerton started using the speaking-tube on the back porch it was more than Slocum could stand.

One morning he made a dash for the five o'clock express out of Columbia.

This is what Pinkerton wanted

As neither Pinkerton nor Green had ever met Slocum, they did not know which of the three men who boarded the train was their quarry. So the detective sprinkled perfume behind each of the three.

Two passengers merely opened their windows to let out the smell.

The killer went pale.

He fidgeted in his seat.

He stared wildly around him.

Then he dashed madly up the corridor and threw himself from the swiftly moving train.

Slocum was dying when Pinkerton, Green and the train crew arrived at the spot where he was lying beside the rails.

"That perfume!" he shrieked. "That perfume! It's Carter's! He's come back to kill me. I'm dying. I know I'm dying. And Carter killed me. I killed him. And now he's killed me!"

Pinkerton was able to get a full confession of murder before Slocum died.

TANKS CAN'T FLY!

CAPTAIN H. C. BAIRD, Schneider Trophy winner, tells you why Nazi radio threats to use flying tanks in effort to conquer Britain are just a figment of wishful frightfulness. Nature beats them this time

YOU can take my word for it—tanks can't fly. The world's most brilliant aircraft designers have all toyed with the idea of a heavily armoured machine that would travel on the ground and in the air, serving as a fighting unit "upstairs or down."

But that is as far as it has gone.

When I was in the United States a designer showed me a five-ton tank capable of travelling at sixty miles an hour on the ground. It was equipped with a .75 shell gun, and the proud man to whom it owed existence said he was going to make it fly.

The Theory

He added a pair of stumpy, powerful wings, installed a high-powered engine, adapted to drive either air-screw or road wheels. As well as using a back-wheel drive to propel the machine on the ground, he intended to employ the air-screw to add to the speed, act as a gigantic defence weapon. The wings folded back when not wanted.

When representatives of the American Armed Forces met to watch the flying tank fly, it crashed on taking off.

So will Hitler's flying tanks.

Even the Fuehrer can't change the elements. He can only become the Canute of the air.

You might think a four-ton tank could easily be lifted into the air by modern engines.

Allison Company of America have completed a 4,000-h.p. engine of tremendous power, and Britain's aero engine factories are making similar experiments.

The weight is no obstacle.

Fortress Bomber

The U.S. Boeing XB15 super-fortress bomber *weighs more than thirty tons*, yet four Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasps give it a speed of 250 m.p.h.

If thirty tons can hurtle through the air at 250 m.p.h., why not a four-ton tank.

The answer lies in design.

Hitler already has armoured parts on his bombers.

Noses, tail-gun compartments and engine cowlings are sheathed in nickel-steel alloy of great lightness and toughness, sufficient to turn anything but a nose-on bullet.

And that, even for ingenious Germans, is about the limit.

Why It Flies

A heavy warplane flies not merely because of a combination of engine-power over weight, but also because of such technical details as accurate wing-loading and streamlining.

Before the war I flew a German Dornier giant.

It had *twelve engines* and could *carry 160 people*. It had a fair speed. It was reasonably manœuvrable, and perfectly safe to fly. Yet when I dropped two wing-flaps, the size of small Indian rugs, the landing speed was enormously reduced.

Even those flaps completely altered the Dornier's ability to fly.

Nothing remotely resembling a tank will be able to fly in our time.

Worked for Years

J. W. Christie, brilliant American designer, whose tanks have been accepted for the Russian Army, has worked for years on the flying tank idea.

He built an eight-wheeled flyweight tank with a detachable caterpillar track.

Wheels were set under powerful vertical springs so that they could rise and fall over bumpy ground. The machine had a high speed, carried a good gun.

As a tank it was formidable, but such a machine could not fly.

It would have to be altered to the "pencil" shape of an aircraft body.

Armour would have to go. It would have to be streamlined.

Allowing for engines, petrol, oil, generator-engines for the electrical system, miles of electric wiring, double-track landing gear, apparatus for making this huge gear retractable, living quarters, radio equipment, de-icing devices, automatic pilot, fire protection apparatus, guns, ammunition and crew—well, it would turn back into an aeroplane again.

Provision would have to be made for folding the wings against the fuselage, but how wings capable of lifting a tank—they might be anything up to 150 ft. in span—could be tucked away so that the machine would be useful in fields and woods is now beyond conception.

The flying tank is merely one of Mr. Hitler's dreams, inspired by sauerkraut.

FIGHTER PILOTS WHO HAVE WAITED 300 DAYS FOR THE DAY

A BELL rang! And the small fighter command station of the Royal Air Force buzzed with excitement. Three men raced from the officers' mess, aero-engines roared, and three Spitfire fighters were hurtling down the runway into the air in less than fifty-five seconds.

Was this to be the great day? For eighty-six thousand four hundred seconds a day for three hundred days these fighter pilots had been waiting, keyed up with excitement, eager to engage the enemy.

They could tell you the other side of the fighter pilot's story, a story of patience that was no less glorious than the exploits of the men who were never far away from enemy action.

Every second since war was declared these fighter pilots have been expecting the great moment.

Every second, day and night, at least one Section has been ready at its post, never leaving it when on duty. Even the aircraft "sleep" out.

A Section of three pilots and machines—half a Flight—is the "family unit" of a Fighter Station. One is "Green," another "Red," and so on.

Pilots are on duty for not more than two hours at a time . . . yarning, reading, writing, playing table tennis, darts or chess, usually with the inevitable radio accompaniment.

For twenty-four hours their Squadron "holds the fort."

For the next twenty-four another takes over.

Close at hand are their groundsmen, the fitters and armourers who are "nursing" the Hurricanes, Spitfires and Defiants.

"*Green Section take off*" . . . When the call comes by telephone or loudspeaker from the Operations Room there is a race to the machines, the pilots adjusting helmets, oxygen masks and parachute harnesses as they run. Outstripping them, lighter-clad groundsmen are already there.

The machines quiver and roar, taxi on to the airfield, and within sixty seconds the Section is off the ground.

Climbing at 15,000 ft. in seven minutes, receiving detailed instructions by radio from the ground.

At this station the alarm has usually sent them on a "wild goose chase"

Three hundred days on tiptoe, keeping a tense and ceaseless vigil. Yet the pilot of the Station That Has Never Had A Fight must keep his health, his eye and his nerve in trim.

Any minute now he may be called to action—real action!

In times like these

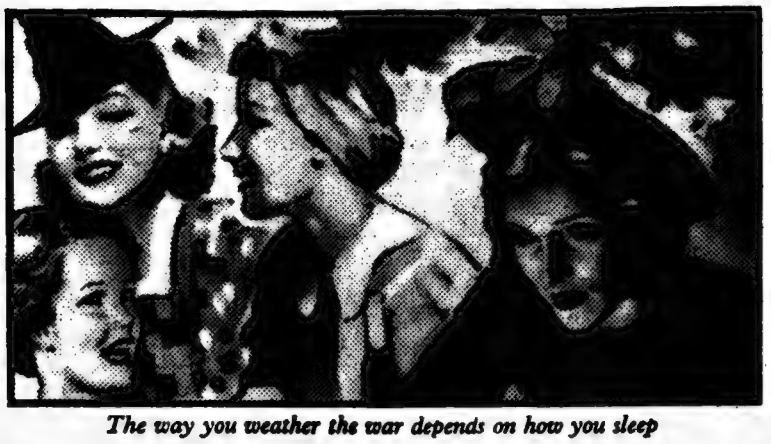
old friends are best

Men in their prime—and men in their youth—all know the value of Beechams Pills. A timely dose will keep a man in the pink of condition—keep his blood pure, his stomach in order, his liver active and prevent him putting on weight and girth. Purely vegetable. Sold everywhere

take **Beechams Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

WHY DOES ANXIETY HIT SOME PEOPLE SO MUCH HARDER THAN OTHERS?



The way you weather the war depends on how you sleep

This is how scientists explain it

IT'S ODD how people who, in peace-time, "hadn't a nerve in their bodies" show signs of cracking up under the strain of worry.

Scientists say ability to stand strain depends largely on the way people *sleep*.

There are 3 Sleep Groups. The people in the 1st Group stand war-strain best. That's because every night they get the kind of sleep that really *rests* brain and nerves.

The people in Groups 2 and 3 are those who feel the strain. They are nervy and anxious, depressed and tired. Their trouble is that, unlike sleepers belonging to Group 1, their brain and nerves are kept awake by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

But scientists have discovered that these acid waste products can be neutralized—by taking Horlicks. A cupful of hot Horlicks every night gives you the 1st Group Sleep you need.

Start taking Horlicks now. You'll find it makes a wonderful difference to the way you feel. By taking it regularly, you build up reserves of energy and cheerfulness that will carry you through every crisis!

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

★

There are 3 Sleep Groups

1st SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group stand war strain well. Even with only 5 or 6 hours in bed they are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness.

2nd SLEEP GROUP. These people seem to sleep well enough, yet can't stand up to war worry and anxiety. They tire easily, feel "nervy" and low-spirited.

3rd SLEEP GROUP. The people in this Group are least able to stand war strain. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake or wake tired.

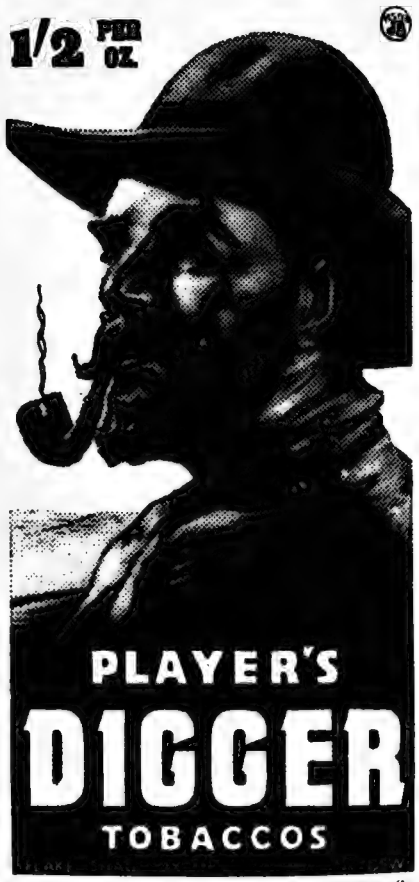
★

HORLICKS
at bedtime gives you 1st GROUP SLEEP

Convincing evidence

The fact that smokers buy more 'Digger' than any other Tobacco seems the most convincing evidence of its qualities which can be offered. If you enjoy a full-bodied tobacco — why not join this army of satisfied smokers?

1/2 PER OZ.



PLAYER'S
DIGGER
TOBACCOS

P.D.51

Ends
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *in 3 minutes*

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in three minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream — sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker.

1/3d. and 2/6d. (Trial Size 6d.)

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

THE popularity of Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, after forty years of world-wide use is surely proof of successful results. *Doans Pills have one purpose*: they are a good diuretic treatment for sluggish kidney action and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags, and a diuretic medicine would be more often employed.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes — feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won such world wide recommendation.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

Makes Meatier Meals

HOT, ACHING FEET

When feet get tired, stale Foot Acid gets dammed up in the pores and turns sour. Your feet perspire and cause embarrassment. But a Radox foot-bath soon stops the trouble. The oxygen in Radox soon bubbles deep into the skin pores, sweeps out stale perspiration and invigorates tired muscles. Aching feet are eased, offending odour vanishes. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6, or 2/6 double quantity. Cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet **1'6**

ROUTS STALE FOOT ACID

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists & Stores, 1/3 & 2/6 a tin.

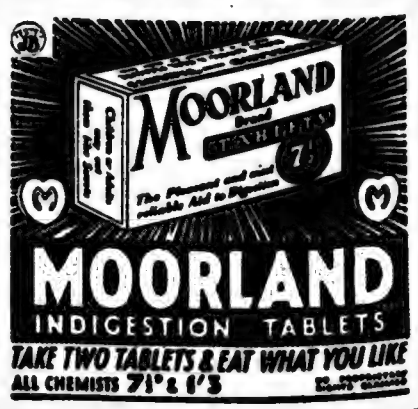
Cuticura BRAND **OINTMENT**

PUT ON POUNDS

Read this case:—"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a thin underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for six weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from IRVONA (Dept. 250), 1, GREASE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

(These prices do not apply to Eire). *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors:— The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*



TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1'3

BACK TO NATURE

WILL SCOTT
is at his best in this story of a fifty-year old who took thirteen years off his score through meeting an old friend

"What I mean is a well, or possibly a pump," said Mr. Stirrup. "Well or pump, you've got to work it . . . . the water's got to be fetched"

WHEN at last it was decided to evacuate miles from anywhere nobody in the family was more delighted than Mr. Stirrup himself.

"A little country town!" he exclaimed. "That's the idea; It'll take years off me. I'm country born myself, you know. I shall feel like a boy again."

"You talk like an old man," said his daughters.

"I'm fifty," said Mr. Stirrup.

"Fifty's nothing," said the girls.

"Fifty may *look* nothing," said Mr. Stirrup. "We don't go in for whiskers and things like the old-timers did when I was a boy. But a man's as old as he feels, and, believe me, when you're fifty you *feel fifty*."

All the same, he rubbed his hands and skipped about.

"I may have lived all these years in London," he said, "but the country's in my bones. Stirrup's a good old country name. They laugh at it here when they hear it for the first time, but they don't laugh at it where I was born. Ebenezer Stirrup was my grandfather's name, and he looked after cows for a living."

He smiled and stared far away over the roofs of the houses opposite.

"Years off me it'll take," he repeated. "Boyhood's days. Way back. It'll suit me."

Many letters were written, much advice taken, many telephone calls put through; and at length The Strawberry Cottage, three miles out of Crewminster, was decided upon.

"Heaven!" said Mr. Stirrup. "The Strawberry Cottage—there's a name for you!"

IN fact, on the day it was all settled he couldn't *stop* rubbing his hands and skipping about.

"Mind," he said, "you've got to be prepared for some surprises."

"Surprises?" said Mrs. Stirrup.

"Well, life's primitive down in the country," Mr. Stirrup explained. "Everything's not just at your elbow, so to speak. I've had some. *And* loved it."

"Such as what?" asked Mrs. Stirrup.

"Well, such as lamps," said Mr. Stirrup.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Stirrup.

"I suppose," said one of the girls, "you can see to read just as well by lamplight as by electric light."

"It isn't just reading," said Mr. Stirrup. "Wicks have to be trimmed. Wicks have to be bought. Oil has to be bought. And put in."

"Won't kill us," said the other girl.

"Then there's water," said Mr. Stirrup.

"There *is* water?" said Mrs. Stirrup, relieved.

"What I mean is a well, or possibly a pump," said Mr. Stirrup. "Well or pump, you've got to work it. You've got to go to it. And it isn't always a bright sunny morning. Sometimes it rains. Sometimes it *snows*. But the water's got to be fetched."

"Exercise," said the girls.

"SO long as you're prepared for it," said Mr. Stirrup. "And, of course, there are times when the well runs dry or freezes up. So long as you realise in advance what we're letting ourselves in for. It doesn't matter to me as long as it doesn't matter to you. I shall love it. I shall be a boy again. It'll take forty years off my shoulders."

"There'll be shops?" asked Mrs. Stirrup.

"Three miles away, in Crewminster," Mr. Stirrup replied.

"There'll be a cinema?" asked the girls.

"Three miles away in Crewminster."

"I think," said Mrs. Stirrup, "we're going to like it."

"You'll love it," declared Mr. Stirrup, "once you realise the sort of life you're going to. There's no Park Lane about it but as long as you don't expect Park Lane you won't be disappointed. Baths, for instance."

"Baths?" said the girls.

"There'll be a tin thing," Mr. Stirrup assured them. "You'll probably have to fill it up from a jug. Most likely you'll have to heat the water in pans on a little oil stove. But if you don't mind *that*. . . ."

They were positive that they wouldn't mind it in the least. They all agreed that it sounded like life in a story book.

"Then that's all right," said Mr. Stirrup. "That's the proper spirit. Look at it like that and it will be a success from the word Go."

He couldn't stop bubbling even at the office. He had to tell the fellows.

"We're going down into the country," he said. "Way back. Three miles out of Crewminster. We've taken a cottage. Safer there, you know."

"But what will you *do?*" said the fellows. "You'll go mad!"

"Not me," said Mr. Stirrup. "I'm country-born, you know. Never saw anything else till I was turned twelve. It'll send me right back to boyhood. Take years off me."

"Do you mean oil lamps?" asked the fellows.

"Certainly," said Mr. Stirrup.

"And pumping water from a well?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Stirrup.

"And walking three miles for your daily paper?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Stirrup.

"Heaven preserve us!" said the fellows.

"I'm fifty," said Mr. Stirrup. "But since we fixed all this up, believe me or not, I feel no more than forty-five."

The day came. They piled up their luggage on the back of the car. They set out. Mr Stirrup was singing.

They stopped at Crewminster to get the keys from the agent, who got out his own car to pilot them to The Strawberry Cottage And as they went down the long lane to their new home Mr. Stirrup began to sing louder than ever.

"I don't know why I ever left the country," he said.

Mrs. Stirrup and the girls loved The Strawberry Cottage. They squealed, as women do when joyfully together, when the agent took them from room to room.

"How far shall we have to go for oil for the lamps?" asked Mr. Stirrup.

The agent pointed to the telephone

"As far as this," he said.

"A telephone?" said Mr. Stirrup, his face falling. "Oh!"

"And you won't want oil for the lamps," the agent explained, "because there aren't any lamps."

HE pressed a button.

"Electric light!" exclaimed Mrs. Stirrup.

"Electric light," said the agent. "And here—he opened a door—is the bathroom."

"The bathroom!" The girls cried gleefully. "The very latest! And *taps!*"

"Hot and cold," said the agent. "Comes from the kitchen stove. And you'll find running water in all the bedrooms."

"Lovely!" said Mrs. Stirrup.

But Mr. Stirrup crept into a corner and sat down.

"There's the radio," the agent went on. "*And* electric irons. I think you'll find everything."

When the agent had gone Mrs Stirrup and the girls began to squeal again.

"We're going to love it!" they said.

But Mr. Stirrup only sighed.

"The country," he said, "isn't the same. We might as well be in Hammersmith. You just press a button Everything's altered All the old simple things that used to *make* the country have gone. You just press a button."

"Come!" said his wife. "Cheer up!"

"The country's gone ahead and left me where I thought I was," moaned Mr. Stirrup. "It isn't the same at all."

"You said," his daughters reminded him, "that it was going to take years off you."

"I'm fifty," said Mr. Stirrup. "I feel seventy. Everything's changed."

"Well, anyway," said Mrs. Stirrup, "you can't mope about all day because of that!"

But that is precisely what Mr. Stirrup could do and did.

He moped about all day, muttering: "Country? Huh! You just press a button!"

Hating it.

Looking older every minute.

LATE on the Saturday morning, Mr. Stirrup went out for a short walk.

He didn't come back for lunch. He wasn't back at tea-time. His family began to get alarmed. They decided to give him another hour and then ring the police.

Mr. Stirrup turned up at five minutes to six. Singing:

"*Your troubles there are out of style,*
For Broadway always wears a smile . ."

"I walked into Crewminster," he said.

"We thought——," began Mrs. Stirrup. But he cut in.

"Remember Deal?"

"Deal?"

"The time we went there for a fortnight. When Mary had her first swim in the sea and Jean went in for the Tiny Tot Singing Competition on the pier. When we went to the little cinema and saw ——"

"What has all this to do——," Mrs. Stirrup attempted again.

"How long ago was that?" Mr. Stirrup interrupted

"Nineteen twenty-seven," said the girls.

"NINETEEN twenty-seven?" Mr. Stirrup screwed up one eye and thought. Thirteen years ago. I was thirty-seven. Thirty-seven! My word, now the years fall away! Thirty-seven. I'm fifty, but I don't feel a day older than thirty-seven now. It all comes back."

"Where have you *been?*" asked Mrs. Stirrup.

"Crewminster Picturedrome," said Mr. Stirrup. "There was a board outside with 'Latest London Successes on it. So I thought I'd risk ninepennorth, and, believe me, it's taken years off me. That couldn't happen in town You've got to get down in the country."

"Latest London Successes?" said the girls. "Do tell us! What did you see?"

"'The Broadway Melody,'" said Mr. Stirrup. "You remember. We saw it in Deal that time, thirteen years ago. Well, it's reached Crewminster now . . . and I'm going again to-night. Thirty-seven! It's grand to feel thirty-seven again."

GRIN AND BEAR IT! By OLIVER PLUSH

THAT SECRET WEAPON!

OUR pet inventor told us last night of a defence device for householders.

The basic features were a 200-ft. deep hole in the back garden, over which was stretched elastic netting camouflaged to represent a division of infantry.

When the enemy drops a bomb on the "infantry," it plunges into the hole and is catapulted back at the bomber by the elastic netting.

After pointing out that aeroplanes do not remain stationary after dropping bombs, we gave the old boy a dose of bromide and tucked him up in the air raid shelter, from which he has not yet emerged.

Maybe there was too much bromide.

Blitz-Pig

The statement that Americans do not even yet realise the possibilities of modern warfare no longer applies to Baltimore.

Our authority for this announcement comes from our old colleague Reuter, who states: "When a goods train was wrecked at Baltimore, Maryland, 345 pigs escaped and ran wild over a large area."

Lucky Dogs

Canadian soldiers can't say they haven't had some excitement and thrills.

They realised the life's ambition of nearly every man when they drove their own train through France to the port of embarkation.

The rest of the B.E.F. are, we understand, annoyed about it!

Chatterbug's Morning

7.20: Wakes up feeling all set for day's work and invents juicy rumour while shaving.

8.15: Tries juicy rumour on wife, who administers unexpected rebuff, telling him to stop being an idiot and eat his bacon like a good chatterbug.

9.16: Brightens up in train, where he repeats rumour, to which a few artistic touches have now been added. Fellow-passengers tell him to put (a) his head in a bag; (b) a sock in it; (c) himself in a concentration camp. Heavy depression settles over chatterbug.

9.48: Reaches office still nursing rumour, now grown to terrific size. Tries it on elderly office cleaner and scores first success, nearly giving her palpitations.

10 a.m. to 12.55 p.m.: In intervals of work polishes up rumour ready for creating lunch-hour sensation.

1.3 p.m.: Is met on doorstep by burly soldier-son of elderly office cleaner, who treats him to rapid cross-questioning, followed immediately by even more rapid right cross to nose.

1.3¼ p.m.: Chatterbug retires permanently from the rumour racket.

Up in Arms

To fight those Nazis who may drop
From planes, we're very glad to see
We now have got those gallant lads the L.D.V.

And when the hour for action comes,
As come it will, we all agree,
Our parashots will give the Hun real Hell, *D.V.*

Play's the Thing

An expert on house furnishing says many people buy pianos just to fill the room. We thought that most pianos served just the opposite purpose.

Nature Note

"There are few swallows in the country this summer," announces a naturalist. Well, what does he expect with beer the price it is?

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather
"Yus, a blinkin' Pioneer, that's what I am, son. Bloke what will be left behind, when all this is over, to scrub down the trenches before the tourists come"

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY MAIL: "It is an offence to use petrol for JOY-RIDING."

EMPIRE NEWS: "... dropped a goal and kicked two penalty GOALS."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE: "Another small boat, CROWED with British troops, stopped in mid-channel."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS: "... had sent eleven footballs to military units, six sweaters to WINESWEEPERS."

EVENING STANDARD: "The POTMASTER-general announces that all correspondence for persons on board merchant ships.

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE: "Cheese, the experts say, is more important than meat as a FOOL for body building and energy."

WEEKLY SCOTSMAN, EDINBURGH: "... a great English novelist and a successor in the line of the greatest English WINTERS of the past."

The Last Laugh

F S. (Sutton).—"If you see parachute troops what is the best thing to do?" Them in.

S. N. (Dawlish).—"There has been a literary gift in my family for generations." Have you any idea who has it now?

S. N. (Cambridge).—"If my experiments are a success, I hope to produce a synthetic steak out of wood." And chips as well, we suppose?

D. N. (Leicester).—"My dentist administers a soporific a short time before a local anæsthetic." Whereas ours relies on his waiting-room literature.

S. D. (Middlesbrough).—"I have heard it said that tobacco affects the brain but I have smoked heavily all my life and it hasn't affected my brain." What has then?

V. M. (Kettering).—'Is there anything worse than trying to shave with a razor after the wife has been sharpening a pencil with it?" Yes writing with the pencil.

MRS. F. K. (London E.).—"Before we were married my husband swore that he loved me and would go through hell for me." And now you're married is he keeping his promise?

D E. (Lancaster).—"The doctor said that my wife and myself need more exercise, so I've bought myself a set of golf clubs." And what have you bought for your wife—a lawn-mower?

A. G. (Glasgow).—'A music-hall performer asserts that he can play the piano with his toes." That is what the girl living next door to us seems frequently attempting—with her shoes on.

PTE. (late B.E.F.).—"While playing a cricket match behind the lines, a burst of machine-gun fire from a German 'plane missed one of the batsmen by about three feet." And did the umpire signal a wide?

A. D. (Chatham).—"Believe me, I thought I'd caught an enemy parachutist the other night. He came down right under my nose but he wasn't a parachutist at all. What do you think he was?" Someone who'd gone up with a tent?

MERCHANT (Angmering).—"I was once a traveller in perambulators." Who wasn't?

S. N. (Ealing).—"People who take up singing as a hobby should not begin too early." Or continue too late.

E. B (Ely).—"Hitler is supposed to have a gift for springing military surprises." Well, we shan't send him one.

PADDY (Larne).—"On account of a nasty remark the foreman made to me, I shall certainly work no more for the man." What did he say—"you're sacked"?

SERGEANT (Yorkshire).—"There's one man in our camp who knows what my order will be before I open my mouth." The barman?

B. B (Lewes).—"Despite the moralists, the man who drinks too much doesn't usually end up on the gallows, does he?" No, under the table.

GEORGE (Falmouth).—"I've sold over a hundred bottles of my home-made remedy for stomach troubles and never had a complaint." Well, dead men tell no tales.

R. M (Suffolk).—"I dressed in a hurry when the siren went at midnight, and what do you think I discovered I had lost when I came off A.R.P. duty at 5 a.m.?" Five hours' sleep.

T. R. (Walmer).—"I wonder why it is that many Scotsmen are so good at golf?" That's easy to explain—they realise that the fewer times they strike the ball the longer it will last.

D M (Hitchin).—"In these days of treachery, how does one know that even your paper is really loyal?" If you look carefully you will notice that none of our pages has a fifth column.

B. V. (Northenden).—"My wife seems to think that all required for a decent meal is a tin of something and a tin-opener." Whereas you think it should be a bottle of something and a corkscrew?

L. N. (Somerset).—"I am the only policeman in our village, and in court last week a prisoner called on me as a witness for him. I didn't even know the man." Well, what better evidence could he want?

K. T. (Lytham).—"If I could get my hands on a parachutist I would tear him to bits." See letter below.

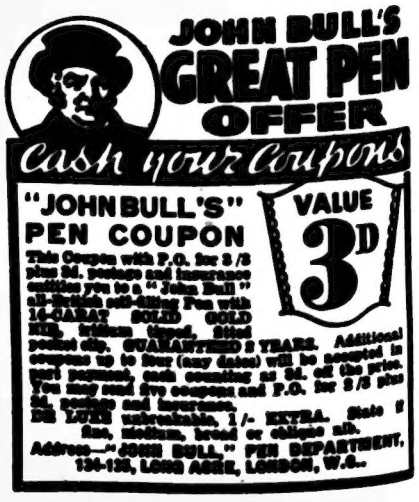
MRS. T. (Lytham).—"My hubby wouldn't hurt a flea—he's too much of a coward." See letter above.

N. B. (Dorking).—"I can't come to see you again next week because I shall be entertaining." That'll be a change, won't it?

F. B. (Bradford).—"One sees sandals being worn in the most unexpected places nowadays." We still maintain, however, that they are better on the feet.

WEARY WILLIE (On the Road).—"I found a gold watch the other day but threw it away. Can you guess why I did that?" Because it wasn't wound up?

F A. (Halesowen).—"The term 'consulting physician' is a queer one, to my mind. Since one always consults a doctor when sick, surely all doctors are consulting physicians?" No, that's not the case. A consulting physician is the fellow called in at the last minute to share the blame.



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TRY YOUR HAND at John Bull's ENTERTAINING COMPETITIONS!

£100 1st PRIZE—'BULLETS' 1225
J. HICTON, Rock Side South, Wingfield, Derby.

EXAMPLE: INDUSTRIAL MACHINE
BULLET: *Another* "FLYER" BEATING HITLER.

£20: W. S. Howe, "Nil Desperandum," Fairmile, Christchurch. (G.S.) Example: **Carrying On** Bullet: **Perspiring. Because Purpose Inspiring.**

£10: E. Williams (Hall Porter), 26, Russell Square, London, W.C. Example: **On The Home Front** Bullet: **Belle—On Your Toes!**

£9: D. W. Latter, 19, Bedford Avenue, Bognor Regis. **Stepping At Nothing—Spitfires—For Nothing. Production. £8:** Mrs. A. Ash, 219, Badger Avenue, Crewe. **When Things Look Black—My "Bess" Spurs Me. £7:** J. Scott, 55, St. Paul's Road, Salisbury. (G.S.) **In The Last War—Sergeant—We're The "Contemptibles"! £6:** D. W. Latter, 19, Bedford Avenue, Bognor Regis. (G.S.) **Talking About Defeat—Helps Hitler—Hits Helper. £5:** C. W. Skelton, 11, Butcher Terrace, York. **Invincible—"Eagle"? It Can't Swim! £4:** Mrs. G. Taylor, 89, Wiverton Road, Sydenham, S.E. **Day And Night—Wheels Turning—Wills Steadfast. £3:** E. V. Brown, 72, Newport Road, Leyton, E. **On The Berlin Front—Dogs Missed—"Bulldog" Felt.**

SIX PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

T. Bolter, 170, Beeches Road, West Bromwich. **In Search of Plunder—The Duce, The Dupe!** A. Dean, 44, Trellewelyn Road, Rhyl. **Talking About Coming—Events, *Don't* "Cast Shadows"!** Miss E. Evans, Post Office Stores, Dunball, near Bridgwater. **To Keep People Cheerful—With Your Radio, Unnecessary.** G. Pell, 32, Court Street, Carlisle. (G.S.) **Freedom's Banner—Decorating "Wall" Backs To.** W. Ong, High Street, Rowhedge, Colchester. **Useless To Britain—Unless You Protect Share.** Miss Ivy Reeves, 41, Springfield Road, Gorleston-on-Sea. **On The Home Front—"Leaks" Stopped—Steaks Lopped.**

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Show" Time coupon.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below:

WHAT BRITAIN STANDS FOR
OUR ISLAND HOME
THANKS TO AMERICA
FIGHTING ON
FATE, THE JESTER
IN YEARS TO COME
BEHIND OUR BACKS
AUNTIE'S REFUGEES
REMEMBER THE LAST WAR AND
HOMELESS | **BEVIN'S ARMY**
ALL OUT | **SMASHED**
LIKE CHILDREN
DAD'S POTATOES
THE MAILED FIST
OVER THE WATER
MONEY FOR JAM
IRON DISCIPLINE
WHEN WE'VE WON

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

MUSSOLINI'S .....
THINKING OF .....
THE FIRST .....
AMAZED .....
..... **DUTY**
TO ENCOURAGE .....

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Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," stuck as instructed to form provided, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

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Example .....
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STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D 1½D

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH BULLET OR SQUARE ENTERED

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Orders or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

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X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, July 13.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 25; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 210 "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Trouble between people has often been caused by
2. One on rocks might be quite a disaster
4. When digging coal it's very often necessary to carry one
6. Uproar in meeting may result in unpleasant one being made
7. The damage they can do to saplings is serious
9. Bank may enable man to do this still more when hard-pressed
12. You need a proper foundation on which to build up this successfully
15. Even very strong man would find it hard to support weight of
16. Many an athletic young fellow doesn't know the right way to do this

DOWN CLUES

1. The way a farm one is built is of special importance to prospective purchaser
2. This is sometimes ugly part of railing
3. Resourceful gardener can soon find some way to get rid of
5. British prisoners of war do, if they escape
8. Man who joins Defence Volunteers is naturally this
10. Stirring note of one can do a lot to keep people in step and keep their spirits up too
11. It might be essential to get lint before one can do this
12. Motorist naturally expects to be able to get this in his garage
13. To get one on this side of Channel would help our enemy immensely
14. Fine work is very often done by

SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 210
Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JULY 13

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 207.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 207, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

H. J. BELL, The Corner, Ballynahinch, Co. Down.
J. C. DAVIS, 88, Grange Park Ave., Hitchin, Herts.
W. JONES, 57, Portland Road, Bromley, Kent.

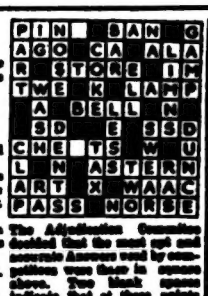
These competitors share the First Prize of £275, and a cheque for £91 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Awards of £20 have been won by the two Runners-up from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. The names and addresses of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of the entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across.—1. Pins or Pint. 5. Ban. 6. Stew. 8. Lamp. 9. Bell. 14. Chain or Chain. 16. Pass. 17. Horse.
Down.—1. Part. 2. Gorse. 3. Coke. 5. Limes. 7. Wash. 10. Loss. 11. Beats. 12. Sower. 13. Bunch. 14. Ghee. 15. Ban.

Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure your POST-FREE COPY use address label on right.



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in squares shown. Two blank squares indicate that at these points PINS or PINT and CHEATS were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

WIN £100 FREE!

If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

POST-FREE "GAZETTE" & "BULLETIN" — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 27, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
42.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

A SHORT SHORT STORY

FIRST LEAVE

by Jean Hamilton

DOWN the sunny suburban street, where lilac and laburnum trees from the little gardens hung over the pavement, a telegraph boy came, whistling. He passed Mrs. Burrows of No. 26, who was spraying her precious rose-trees, and turned in at the next gate.

Young Mrs. Firth, starting her washing at the back of the house, heard the *rat-tat, rat-tat*, and ran to the door. Her heart beating, she tore open the envelope. Mrs. Burrows, watching, saw her face light up.

"It's from Dick, my husband," she called. "He's got leave! He wants me to meet him in town at half-past one to-day!"

"Oh, how wonderful! Aren't you lucky?" Mrs. Burrows spoke, half with envy. Then she added in her practical way: "The 12.15 from here will get you there just in time."

The younger woman's face clouded. "Oh dear, I'll never be able to catch that," she said. "I've just started my washing. And I *must* finish it before Dick gets here because he'll want me to be out with him every minute."

"But you *must* catch it, my dear," said Mrs. Burrows.

"How *can* I? I've only just put the first batch of whites to boil."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Burrows. "Do you still *boil* your whites? No wonder you were afraid you wouldn't catch the train."

• • •

Helen Firth looked at her blankly. "What *do* you mean?" she asked. "Whites must be boiled!" Then uncertainly, she added: "*Mustn't* they?"

"Well, I never boil mine," said Mrs. Burrows, "and you've seen them on my line—they're clean and white, aren't they?"

"They're lovely—better than mine. I've noticed them often. And I've always wondered how you got your washing out so early. Of course, if you don't boil—but what d'you use?"

"I'll show you. I'll be round in half a minute."

"There!" said Mrs. Burrows, and emphasised the word by poking the last garment down into the suds. "Now we'll just leave these soaking for 15 minutes—that's all—and you'll see! Those Rinso suds will bring everything up as clean as new, without any boiling at all."

"I'm afraid they'll have to be rubbed clean and that'll make my hands look terrible," Helen Firth began. "Wait, child, wait!" Mrs. Burrows silenced her kindly.

And fifteen minutes later her promise was proved true. As each garment was lifted from the suds, Helen Firth looked it over carefully. "Not a mark left. They're cleaner than when I boiled them. They're white as snow!" In her pleasure and astonishment her voice rose to a crescendo.

"And if you wash this way every week, you'll soon see a difference in the way the clothes wear. I notice it. My tea-towels last twice as long, now."

"That's just what we need, nowadays," said Helen, "—something to make things last longer. When I think what a lot of gas I'll save, too, by not boiling—well, Rinso is a god-send."

"It is!" said Mrs. Burrows. "Now I'll finish pegging these things out while you run and change. You'll just be in nice time for your train."

• • •

In the soft, evening light two figures with arms intertwined walked slowly round the little garden. Back from town after a theatre matinee, Dick and Helen were exploring their "estate."

"Here's the row of beans you planted. I've watered them every day," said Helen. "Everything looks perfect, darling." Dick sighed with satisfaction. "You're such a clever little woman. Oh—and you even did the washing before meeting me," he added, catching sight of the ghostly white array on the line. "What a proper little housewife!" he laughed gently. "And what a beautiful one," he added as their lips met.

R.2930-364

ADVT.

COCOA GIFT SCHEMES WITHDRAWN

Last date for accepting coupons, July 27th

IN *the National interest, Cadburys, Frys and Rowntrees announce with regret that it is necessary for them to withdraw their Cocoa Gift Coupon Schemes.*

CLOSING DATE

Coupons will be accepted for exchange up to **JULY 27, 1940**, but not after that date.

All applications will be dealt with in the order in which they are received, but considerable delay—perhaps some months—must unavoidably occur before all gifts can be issued. You are asked to assist by refraining from writing letters of inquiry. Some gifts may no longer be available, and in such cases other gifts of similar value will be sent.

CONSOLATION GIFTS

Those who have coupons from six or more ½ lb. tins (or the equivalent from tins of other sizes) but not enough for the lowest value gift on their list, are invited to send their coupons in. A consolation gift of chocolate will be sent to them. But coupons from six ½ lb. tins (or the equivalent) are the fewest that can be accepted.

Post your BOURNVILLE Cocoa Coupons to the
GIFT DEPT., CADBURYS, BOURNVILLE

Post your FRYS Cocoa Coupons to the
GIFT DEPT., FRYS, SOMERDALE

Post your ROWNTREES Cocoa Coupons to
ROWNTREES, GIFT DEPT., YORK

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto
REGISTERED
The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *'ELASTO' is sold by Chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto', *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.*

NAME .....

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